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ORDNANCE STORES CAPTURED WITH FORT M'ALLISTER—LIEUTENANT SPENCER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY ENTERING SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 21, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

SHERMAN.

What grander name than his on that fair scroll,
Where, writ in fadeless characters, shall stand
The names of those, the saviors of the land,
Recorded of bright Fame's immortal roll!

Scarce have our hearts ceased thrilling to the cry,
Which passed from lip to lip, "Atlanta's ours!"
Than comes the news that on Savannah's towers
Once more the old flag greets the broad blue sky.

Ring out from every spire, ye jubilant bells!
Ring loud and long these merry Christmas times!
Let notes of victory mingle with your chimes,
Till far and wide the pealing chorus swells!

Long shall the tale be told by gray-haired sires,
Of that great march through Georgia's rugged ways,
For many miles and many weary days,
To listening groups by winter evening fires.

Hail to the Chief who led the venturous ranks!
Long may he live to wear his well-won fame,
And hear his children taught to lisp his name;
For him a people's praise, a nation's thanks.

And hail to those who bore the flag with him,
Those venturous ranks of true and manly hearts;
The old year lingers long as it departs
To sing their praises with the Christmas hymn.

Such men are fashioned after God's own heart;
Fearless in danger, counting their rich blood
Even as nothing to their country's good—
Of the world's history they form a part.

Theirs is a deathless heritage; their deeds
Blossom, like flowers, upon the page of Time;
And whether told in prose or glowing rhyme
Seem writ in shining gold to him who reads.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 14, 1865.

WILMINGTON.

We are told in early youth that the shyest birds can be caught by putting a little fresh salt upon their tails. It is well that the progress of the war is so prosperous that we can laugh rather than cry over the Wilmington expedition. The end, indeed, has not appeared, but the beginning is complete. There is something ludicrously suggestive of Chinese warfare, of the loud beating of the tomtom to appall the enemy, in the idea of blowing up a ship on the open sea in front of a fort, and anticipating "paralysis" as the result. Universal falling of the walls, apoplexy, and demoralization, then a jubilant charge, and all was to be over.

We know it is easy to smile after the event. But this was, after all, a question of science. The laws and forces of concussion are computable: and it is an interesting inquiry to whom we are indebted for this suggestion, and whether it were gravely approved by a competent, scientific board. The only paralysis produced seems to have been upon the wrong side. For it really looks as if the explosion were regarded as the essential effort, and that failing, further exertion were to be held useless. Admiral Porter, indeed, remained; but he remained upon the open sea in a stormy season to bombard earth-works. Should he succeed in obtaining the fort the greater will be his glory.

Certainly we are very far from complaining that an assault was not made. We are none of us here competent to decide that it should have been. Neither do we say that the troops were not well handled. General Weitzel is a most skillful and accomplished soldier, and General Butler is no fool. Admiral Porter naturally thinks that, if one man could seize a flag and take a prisoner almost within the fort, a column of men could successfully assault it. But then Admiral Porter thought the fort was seriously disabled, when a reconnoissance showed it was not. Commodore Rodgers also thinks that the fort was virtually at our mercy, and that the fact of eight hundred of our men remaining on the shore for several hours unattacked by the rebels proves that they were entirely worsted. But it is fair to suppose that the rebels believed the remaining of our troops to be some kind of snare. They could not believe that the enormous movement against Wilmington was already at an end, and that our men were retiring.

But we are surely entitled to say that some one has blundered, and that the some one should be ascertained and properly dealt with. We write, indeed, at the close of the first act only. Should the second end the drama auspiciously the country will rejoice all the more because of the check. But the check should be explained. And if the fleet that sailed forth under such prodigious salvos of acclaim and confidence should return after a brilliant bombardment, and the discovery that tomtoms and stink-pots are not formidable weapons of war, we shall be entitled to the feeling that, while officers and men, and especially those who undertook the perilous task of the explosion, have done all that brave men could do, yet that in the direction of the united armament there was some fatal defect which might have produced vast and melancholy disaster instead of amusing failure.

THEN AND NOW.

In April, 1861, the Savannah *Republican* said: "The people of the Monumental City were right in arresting the progress of an army raised to shoot down their Southern brethren. We hope they will keep up the good work, and even strike at home for their honor and independence. There are slumbering fires not only in Maryland, but in States north of her, that await only an opportunity to burst forth, and when they appear we may look out for a revolution that the world now little expects. Thank God! the time has arrived when these minions of Abolition can never plant a foot south of the Potomac."

In December, 1864, the Savannah *Republican* says: "By the fortunes of war we to-day pass under the authority of the Federal military forces. ......We desire to counsel obedience and all proper respect on the part of our citizens, and to express the belief that their property and persons will be respected by our military ruler...... Let our conduct be such as to win the admiration of a magnanimous foe, and give no ground for complaint or harsh treatment on the part of him who will for an indefinite period hold possession of our city."

In April, 1861, it said: "We would as soon confederate with the cannibals of the South Sea or the Thugs of India as with them [the Yankees]. They have forced us to the separation, and now, we say, let it be forever, and even beyond that time, should God in his providence permit. We want nothing to do with such a people, either in time or eternity."

In December, 1864, it says: "The fear expressed by many that General Sherman will repeat the order of expulsion from our homes which he enforced against the citizens of Atlanta we think to be without foundation......It behooves all to keep within their houses until General Sherman shall have organized a provost system, and such police as will insure safety in person as well as property."

So it will be to the end, and the deluded people of the rebel section will gradually learn what wretched and criminal gascons the Southern leaders were who have plunged the country into war.

BOUNTIES.

A large number of conspicuous and influential gentlemen in Philadelphia, who have been personally familiar for a long time with the working of the bounty system there, have prepared a careful and very sensible memorial to Congress upon the subject of local bounties, which is heartily approved by Alexander Henry, the tried and admirable Mayor of that city.

We were sorry to see that our friend and neighbor, the New York *Times*, speaks of these gentlemen as dictating to the rest of the community in what way recruits shall be supplied or substitutes furnished. But certainly a simple suggestion upon an important public question, considerately made by any body of our fellow-citizens, ought not to be denounced as dictation. The *Times* also declares that to abolish the substitute system is to return to the days of the French Directory. That may be true, but the Philadelphia gentlemen have made no such proposition.

On the day after the appearance of this rather contemptuous criticism, the *Times* published a letter from Mr. J. R. Hamilton, one of its army correspondents, in which the abuses of the system which the Philadelphia gentlemen aim to correct are set forth in the most striking terms. If the *Times* thinks the Philadelphians "rhetorical," what does it think of this extract from its correspondent's letter, which is undoubtedly the plainest truth?

"To relate all the abuses now being perpetrated in the army, by the present application of the substitute and bounty system, will be to pen what many may deem incredible; but there is nothing herein asserted which will not be found capable of undeniable proof. Will it be believed when I tell you that substitute brokers, aided, of course, by boards of enrollment, examining physicians, etc. (without whose guilty connivance they could not act), have had the audacity to send as recruits to our army cripples from birth; men partially blind; idiots from town farms; people with hernia of long standing; puny boys of fourteen or fifteen; men being constantly claimed as subjects of other Governments; graduates from the Five Points of New York; escaped prisoners from the Dry Tortugas; rebel adventurers from Canada and elsewhere; some who have suffered by years of paralysis, and hundreds who can not understand one word of the English language, and whom it is, of course, impossible to drill and instruct in the duties of a soldier? Indeed, it is to be feared that a large portion of the deserters from the rebel army, attracted by the large bounties offered, form no small part of the bounty-jumping element among us.

"But it is far easier to find fault than to suggest a remedy, which latter is no part of my province. All I know is, that it is utterly impossible to conceive any system which works worse than the present one, whether we regard the enormous frauds practiced upon the Government; the deleterious effect upon our armies; the injustice it inflicts upon the real soldier who is battling devotedly for his country, or the cruel prolongation of the war, by frittering away whole portions of armies, which have been paid for in hard cash, but which are nowhere to be found when required.

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"I have now laid before you a few of the leading features of this great evil; and I am sure there is no true soldier in our armies, from the highest to the lowest grade, but will corroborate all I have said. Let those see to the remedy to whom the duty belongs, and let that remedy be prompt, for the poison is circulating to an extent little dreamed of by those who have not watched it."

The Philadelphia memorial, after rehearsing the facts and showing the inevitable consequences of such a system of recruiting, makes four very simple, comprehensive, and judicious suggestions. *First*, that short terms of service should be avoided, and the President be authorized to draft for one, two, or three years at his discretion. *Second*, that local bounties and the buying up of recruits from other places should be discouraged, and, as a means, that the Government bounty be restricted to those who receive no local bounty; that every subdistrict should be credited with its own residents, no matter where they credit themselves; and that the recruiting in insurrectionary districts should be abolished. *Third*, that the unexpired terms of deserting volunteers should be charged to the locality credited for them. And *fourth*, that, as such measures would diminish volunteering, there should be a moderate bounty for the drafted men, or family provision during their absence. To this memorial we see such names as Horace Binney, Jun., Morton M'Michael, Henry C. Lea, Charles Gilpin, J. I. Clark Hare, Dr. E. Wallace, George Trott, and others; nor can we see that it is rhetorical or dictatorial.

Such a plan credits every subdistrict with those who are willing to go from it, and requires those who can not go either to find a substitute at home or among those who are not citizens. There can be no question that the operation of the present bounty system is perilous to the country. "You are contending with an enemy," said General Mitchell, "who will fight you with a two-pronged fork, if he can find no other weapon. Can you safely fight him with soldiers who care nothing for the cause, and are hired as they would be to dig a ditch?" Exemptions there must be, and substitutes; but because these must be there is no reason why they should be scoundrels and felons, and there is every reason why they should not be such.

The City Bounty Fund Commission in Philadelphia, which, within the year, has paid bounties to more than twenty thousand volunteers, cordially approves the memorial, being persuaded that some national action upon the subject is necessary, as the active competition embarrasses all local measures. The object of the movement is neither altogether to abolish substitutes or bounties, but to make them both as effective, and not as useless and dangerous, as possible. If the Philadelphia plan be not the best way, its proposers ask that some better one may be adopted. Is such a spirit unreasonable, or such a plan unfair?

Mr. ADAMS.

What we said last week of Mr. Dayton in Paris is equally true of Mr. Adams in London. He is an advanced outpost of America. He illustrates the national faith and the national character. His solid, silent, self-respecting manliness, and almost dry and austere manner, are delightfully contrasted with the characteristics of the rebel emissary in England, whom American history will know as Fugitive-Slave-Bill Mason, and who fitly represents his confederates and their lamentable cause. After the dallying silence or polite putting aside of the question of slavery, which has characterized our ministers in Europe for so long a time, it is refreshing to hear an American embassador and gentleman speak out frankly and honorably his own profound convictions, as well as that of the better part of his nation and the world, and say, as Mr. Adams did to the deputation that came to congratulate him upon the result of the election: "All good men may have cause to rejoice in the termination of this melancholy struggle, if that end be at once the confirmation of a free government in America, and the eradication of the most formidable evil with which its progress has been heretofore cursed."

Who will not say Amen, and who will not thank God that the representatives of the United States are at last unmuzzled?

But Mr. Adams's speech was remarkable also for the quiet dignity with which he stated the exact condition of public sentiment in England and the United States. He said to Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Massie, Thomas Hughes, and the other gentlemen of the deputation, that he could not disguise from them or from himself the painful fact that an unfriendly interest in our struggle had often been manifested in England; "and that the knowledge of this has given rise to a general impression among my countrymen that the whole British nation really desires the disruption and consequent downfall of the power of the United States. Hence has sprung up a corresponding degree of ill-will which bids fair, if not counteracted, only to increase with time. If such passions be permitted a full indulgence between two nations, it needs little sagacity to foretell that, in the long-run, the end is war." He added that the demonstrations of friendship for the United States, which he is continually receiving from various parts of the kingdom, will enable the lovers of peace to prove that, "whatever may be the hostility of some, it is by no means shared by the greater number of the British people, and ought not to be presumed to be a national expression."

This confirmation by Mr. Adams of the opinion of Lord Russell and of Goldwin Smith is very significant, and should be remembered. There is a foolish feeling, carefully fostered in this country by those who imagine that hatred of England is a test of American patriotism—that we ought to have a war with England. But it would be a war in which neither nation could be gainers. It would be a contest against civilization. It would be one of the gravest disasters that could befall human society; and it is therefore the serious duty of every true American to distinguish between the venal and mean England, which, under the lead of American slave-drivers, disturbs a meeting at Bristol called to rejoice over the result of our election, and the England which congratulates Mr. Adams, and speaks by Goldwin Smith, and cheers Richard Cobden and John Bright.

THE "FLORIDA" CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondence between the Brazilian Minister in Washington and Mr. Seward upon the case of the *Florida* is just what it should be —simple, direct, and honorable.

When our Government heard of the capture the Secretary of State wrote immediately to Mr. Webb, at Rio Janeiro, to say to the Brazilian Government that, although we had not ceased to regret the concession of belligerence to rebels, yet we were disposed to examine the question in a friendly spirit, and to do justice. This was on the 11th of November. On the 12th of December the Brazilian Minister in Washington addressed a letter to Mr. Seward detailing the circumstances, and adding that he reposed perfect confidence in the friendly intentions of the United States, whose energetic defense of neutral rights is traditional, and which will undoubtedly make proper reparation to a friendly power for an offense of such "transcendent gravity."

Mr. Seward replied that Brazil justly expected the regret and disavowal of the President for an act inconsistent with the traditions and well-considered policy of the United States. Captain Collins will be suspended and summoned before a court-martial; and as the Consul admits that he incited the act, he will be dismissed. The flag of Brazil will receive the customary honors from the navy of the United States. But this Government does not admit any charge of falsehood or treachery against the Captain and Consul, which they deny; and especially denies that the rebel insurgents are a lawful naval belligerent, and repeats emphatically that the concession to them of belligerent rights by Brazil is regarded as wrong and unfriendly to the United States, to which Brazil will owe reparation of the consequences of such concession. Yet it is not for captains and consuls to choose, without authority, when, how, and where to redress the wrongs of this country; and although the crew of the *Florida* are enemies of this Government and, as we contend, of the human race, they were unlawfully seized, and will therefore be set at liberty.

This is the manly good sense which preserves the peace of the world. Minister Webb will see that he should rather have waited, and have forborne to make a difficulty with one independent and friendly power the occasion for lecturing another. Bluster and indignation do not help international peace. If other nations choose to sneer and rage and falsify, let us, taught by their ridiculous and humiliating example, only the more sedulously avoid the same dishonorable courses. Following our traditions when they are just and noble, joyfully reversing them when they are not, the moral power of the United States Government will be as commanding as it means to have its military and naval power irresistible.

THE GOVERNOR'S FIRST WORD.

The first word from Governor Fenton is a clear and ringing note of hearty patriotism. Before his message was delivered, and before the sun set upon the day of his inauguration, he issued an earnest call to the citizens of the great State to aid Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, Farragut and Porter, in securing the fruits of the victories they have so bravely won. Let us be patient and persevere, says the Governor, "in the closing of the great struggle which is to result in settling the destinies of this Government upon a foundation firm as truth and righteousness."

It is a profound satisfaction for every loyal citizen of the United States to feel that the executive authority of the State of New York will no longer give a wavering and uncertain sympathy to the cause so dear to the people of the State. Its object will not be to discover in what way, short of open resistance, it can most effectively balk and paralyze the great effort of the nation to save its united existence. This has been the strenuous effort of the late Governor. In a vast war which imperiled the country he has been steadily devoted to party, and his fate is a warning. Carefully educated for political life, and the expectant successor in State and national honors of Van Buren and Marcy, when he became Governor of New York two years ago he was the recognized leader of the Opposition, and his nomination for the Presidency was as sure as any political event can be. It is but the truth to say that his ill-concealed hostility to the war and sincere political sympathy with the rebel chiefs have utterly and forever destroyed his chances of political promotion among a resolute and patriotic people.

His successor enters upon his great responsibilities full of the deepest sympathy with the cause for which the Union soldiers and sailors are fighting. For a long time President of the National Soldiers' Relief Commission, Governor Fenton is practically acquainted, also, with the

perils and sufferings and wants of the army and navy. His sympathy and admiration are not of the mouth, but of the heart; and his call for a ready and cheerful response to the summons for more men is that of a man who feels what he says, and who is as sure of the patriotism of others as he is of his own.

PUBLIC GIFTS.

MANY years since some worthy citizens of Philadelphia gave Commodore DECATUR a massive silver wine-cooler in testimony of their admiration and respect. A few days ago some worthy citizens of New York presented Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT with fifty thousand dollars in Government bonds.

The massive silver wine-cooler, after some years, was exposed for sale in Philadelphia, and was finally bought by a distinguished citizen of Albany.

The difference in the character of the gifts does not show a difference of generosity, but of the times. Let us rejoice that the days of honorable silver tea-kettles and of grateful punch-bowls to public benefactors have passed away, and those of solid, substantial rewards have dawned. It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate the DECATUR wine-cooler without remembering that it was intended merely as a symbol of honor and recognition which could not be estimated in money, and would even be injured by the attempt to represent it in that way. But such a sentiment, although honorable, was mistaken. For the Government stock is also merely a symbol. Nobody supposes that it represents the value of the Vice-Admiral's services, which are entirely incalculable. It is equally an honor with the vases and the kettles and the wine-coolers of an earlier day, but it is not, like them, an empty honor.

It has long been the practice in England to reward eminent public service in the army and navy by the most valuable honors. The palace of Blenheim is a monument of British gratitude; and of the other famous men who were honored and enriched by public gratitude NELSON and WELLINGTON are among the most conspicuous. But rewards are not confined to military or naval success in England. In the great universities there are fellowships which are prizes for superior scholarship. The fellowship entitles the holder to a home in the college and a certain stipend contingent upon his taking orders in the Church and remaining single. The literary fund, from which certain authors receive an annual pittance from the Government, is a poor recognition of the same principle, which is simply this, that those who truly benefit the nation are entitled to some degree of national support.

It will hardly be contended that it is a demoralizing system, for the service must be conspicuous and unquestionable. The sense of power and the desire of fame are too intimately allied to be disturbed by any lower influence. MARLBOROUGH was not a respectable character, yet he was a great General, not because he hoped for Blenheim, but because he had genius and obeyed its law. Blenheim rewarded success. It could never have inspired it.

The New Year's gift to Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT, and the intended testimony to Captain WINSLOW and to General SHERMAN are good and generous signs of a public gratitude that will not forget its other noble servants, nor satisfy its gratitude with the presentation of silver pitchers and pretty swords.

LITERARY.

"The American Boy's Book of Sports and Games" (DICK & FITZGERALD) is the book of books for a boy's holiday gift. It is all that the "Boy's Own Book" was twenty years ago, with the natural improvements and enlargements of the subsequent time. Its six or seven hundred engravings—its accurate and copious descriptions of all kinds of outdoor and indoor games for every season—its instructions in parlor magic and in all manly exercises, with its convenient form, make it at once a cyclopedia and a manual. It is a unique and invaluable boy's companion.

"Poems by David Gray, with a Memoir of his Life" (ROBERTS & BROTHERS, Boston). Three years ago this winter a young Scotchman named DAVID GRAY, twenty-three years old, died at the house of his father, a hand-loom weaver, eight miles from Glasgow. He was early conscious of poetic power, and morbidly anxious for fame as a poet. From the depths of poverty he burst away to London; appealed to the sympathy of MILNES and SIDNEY DOBELL, who truly befriended him; and he was very soon back again dying of consumption in his father's cottage. He gave himself to death and forgetfulness with a tender resignation, and lived only long enough to see the proof-sheets of some of his verses. He died, and they were published in England, and are reprinted in this pretty volume. They are not to be set aside as the feeble wailings of consumptive poverty; for although DAVID GRAY strikes no master chord, there is a touching poetical emotion in his verse which will keep his name with those of KIRKE WHITE and CHATTERTON.

"History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States" (CARLTON & PORTER, New York). This able and careful work, the two first volumes of which are now offered to the public, is from the pen of Dr. ABEL STEVENS, already known as the author of a popular history of Methodism. The two volumes now published bring the history of the Church down to nearly the close of the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding the many difficulties attending the work, the chief of which is the paucity and inaccuracy of documentary matter, Dr. STEVENS has succeeded in presenting a very comprehensive and interesting history of the period included within the scope of these two volumes.

IN THE SHADOW.

COME the shadows deepening slowly,
Come the night winds singing lowly,
Come the memories overcast
Of the unforgotten past.

Comes there to my listless seeming,
In between my doubt and dreaming,
Flinging back the folds of night,
One sweet vision crown'd with light.

For a little gracious minute
Heaven is open'd, and within it
Sings a white and saintly maiden,
Lost to me, but found to Aidenn.

Ah! when she kept her tryst with me
The blossoms budded on the tree;
As whisperingly she told her love
The sunlight kiss'd her from above;

The sun set crimson on the sea,
The silver mists came o'er the lea,
And still we told the sweet tale o'er,
And dream'd upon the silent shore.

But the glorious summer light
Is blotted grimly by the night;
And the sweetest flowers that blow
Lie buried underneath the snow.

I remember, in my sorrow,
One to-day without a morrow,
When the angels call'd her sister,
Took her in their arms and kiss'd her.

In the silence memories taunt me,
In the gloom these dead dreams haunt me;
But amidst the shades of night
Sings a maiden, robed in light.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

INFANS.—We do not know whether more Williams are born in December than in any other month, but we think it not improbable from the number of little Bills one meets with.

JUVENIS.—It is not usual to kiss a young lady when you are introduced to her for the first time. If you take your hat into a room when you call, you are not expected to sit on it.

SENEX.—We can not recommend any certain cure for a bald head, except cutting it off. The operation is painful, but effectual.

STRANGE PHENOMENA IN PRIVATE LIFE.

The aged lady who recently *sowed her old umbrella* was rewarded last week with a crop of parasols.

A tall, thin, *square-built* gentleman was seen walking down Broadway one afternoon, a few days ago, when all of a sudden he was observed to *turn round*.

Foote fell asleep while Opie was taking his portrait. On leaving, the painter pressed the wit to give him another sitting. "On one condition," said Foote, "that you do not give me another opiate."

A "POSER" FOR MILITARY HEROES.—How can *fields* be won—one?

ADDRESSED TO JENKINS.—When the butler marries the housekeeper may he be said to lead her to the *high menial* altar?

STRANGE CURATE. "Where does this path go to, my man?"
HALF-WITTED RUSTIC. "Don't know where 'e goes to, but 'e's generally 'ereabouts this time o' day."

THE WRONG END OF IT.—A very terrific story of Oriental jealousy and cruelty was lately going the rounds of the papers. It turns out to be without foundation; in fact, instead of there having been a head cut off, it was only a tale.

EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.—"Hooked it."

A LEGAL QUERY, AND ITS ANSWER.—Where are Petitions filed? At Sheffield

What tree does a person resemble who is tired of the Irish melodies?—The sick-o'-Moore, of course.

A SOLDIER ON THE DRAFT.

The clouds of war were bright'ning fast
As through the land a message passed:
It came from good old Uncle Sam—
Dated Washington—signed Abraham.

Its purport was, as you must know,
That the boys at home should a soldiering go,
And it made them shiver as they read it o'er,
And stared at the three hundred thousand more.

"I'm sick," says one; "I'm sick, you see;
Soldiering never will do for me.
So I'll rack my brains and hatch a plan
To get my name from the enrolling man."

"And I," says another—"I'd like to go,
But I've got a corn on my little toe;
I've got a loose tooth, and so, you see,
Soldiering never 'll do for me."

Another says, "I'd like to fight,
But I have a difficulty with my sight;
I'm hard of hearing too, you see;
So soldiering never 'll do for me."

Another coolly talks of the draft,
For he's got a substitute, and got him fast;
So he talks very bravely, for he doesn't fear
Uncle Abe or drafts for at least a year.

Now, boys, we'll give you a little advice:
Before you're ailing consider twice;
Uncle Sam wants men, and some must go
To fill the ranks and fight the foe.

Then, boys, just think this question o'er;
Don't be scared at the thousands more;
But remember that each of you to a man
Is part and parcel of Uncle Sam.

A GOOD MAN FOR A LONG VOYAGE.—A Cork Cutter.

A GOOD THRASHING-MACHINE FOR FAMILY USE.—The broomstick.

A saw-filer in the country puts out a sign in the form of a hand-saw, with the words, "Saw Dentist" painted on it.

QUESTION FOR ASTRONOMERS.—Is the dog star a sky terrier, or merely a tarrier in the sky?

Who was the biggest Don that ever lived?—The Mastodon.

PROVERB FOR THE HIPPOPHAGISTS.—The proper place for the horse is in the *carte*.

Put the most ignorant man in the world in irons, and he will soon comprehend the meaning of "Lock on the Human Understanding."

THE WIND-PIPE.—Pipes, say anti-tobacconists, are all more or less injurious. Some pipes, such as wooden pipes, have, it is pretended, an asthmatical tendency, affecting the breath more than others. Among these must be reckoned the sailors' favorite pipe, the hornpipe, when indulged in too violently.

NEW FASHION.—It is proposed to make the Opera-crush-hats of a more durable and cheaper stuff, called "Rep." If this idea is ever fully developed, the fashionable gentry of our highly civilized nineteenth century will be walking about the streets, like Snake-charmers, with *Rep-tiles* on their heads.

A FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Camels are not common in Ireland, but if you take a certain musical instrument into a certain Irish county, it immediately becomes a *drum o' Derry*. The author of this valuable piece of information has since blown his brains out with an ear-trumpet.

CANNIBALISM! $500 reward. Missing, an elderly gentleman with green spectacles. The last time he was seen, we are informed, he was *S-eating himself leisurely in the Park!*

Poets sing about the "peaceful stars of night," and yet every one of them is a magnificent *revolver*.

The cognizance of Russia is a bear, but considering the designs of that empire upon the Ottomans, it ought to be a Turkey gobbler.

QUITE A MIS-NOMER.—Calling a *drinking-cup* a *gobble it*.

TEA is so scarce in the South that they haven't even drawings of it, and there are no grounds for supposing that they have any coffee.

EPITAPH ON A CRICKETER.—"Over!"

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing to say, asked her why she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—In our opinion—and we say it in all earnestness, and not in levity—the *only* "spirit-hand" capable of being seen by mortals is "*the hand of Providence*," so plainly visible in every work of creation.

The best kind of agricultural fairs—Farmers' daughters.

WHY is a lady witness summoned to court like a vessel fastened to her dock?—Because she is bound to a pier.

EXPLANATION WANTED.—Explain the theory of boxing the compass. Can it be done without gloves? Would it be advisable to touch it in the wind?

A HUMBLE COMPARISON.—A medical practitioner, paying a professional visit the other day to the wife of a farm-laborer who had been afflicted for many years with rheumatism of an acute character, interrogated his patient as to whether there was any improvement in her health since his last visit. His interrogation was promptly answered by the poor woman with, "Oh! doctor, I feel so queery like: I feel just like a *boiled onion*." "How so?" feelingly remarked her medical adviser. "Why," answered she, casting a furtive glance at her questioner, "because *I have lost nearly all my strength*." The poor woman's analogy was readily understood by the doctor, who prescribed accordingly.

Why is a pine-tree like the distance between Petersburg and Richmond?—Because it is not fir.

ONE WAY OF RISING IN THE NAVY.—Being mast-headed.

A Jersey physician, while playing cards, fell off his chair in a fit. After half an hour's steady application of remedies he recovered, and immediately inquired, "What are trumps?"

"This is booty indeed," remarked one of the late raiders, after appropriating a portion of the stock of a Southern shoe-store.

WIFE. "When, my dear, is the longest day?"
HUSBAND. "When, my 'poppets,' *you're away!*"

MOTTO.—"Do others, or you'll be done."

A REGULAR MAKE-SHIFT.—The Sewing Machine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE record of news for the week contains no very important events. Congress has been adjourned for the holidays, and the only very interesting item of military news is the attempted siege of Fort Fisher. We have elsewhere given the details of Burbridge's raid into South-western Virginia, and of Sherman's occupation of Savannah.

THE STATE GOVERNMENT.

At noon, January 2, Governor Fenton assumed his new official position as Chief Magistrate of the State of New York. Governor Seymour made a courteous address on the occasion, to which Governor Fenton briefly replied.

The State Legislature met on the 3d. The Senate was organized with Lieutenant-Governor Thomas G. Alvord in the chair. In the Assembly the Hon. G. G. Haskins was elected Speaker.

The Governor's Message gives proof of his earnest zeal in behalf of the Union, at the same time that it reveals an intense interest in all the affairs of the State of New York.

From this Message we learn that the deficit in the revenue of the general fund has been reduced within the fiscal year ending September 30, 1864, by the sum of over $300,000, leaving the remaining deficit $863,814. The State debt is now $6,278,954, a reduction during the year of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. The Governor urges some important measures, among which are an appropriation to the Agricultural College; a law submitting the resolutions for an amendment to the Constitution, creating a court of "Commissioners of Appeals" to the people, and an amendment in the law for the registration of voters.

THE WILMINGTON EXPEDITION.

We have engraved on page 28 a map of the scene of General Butler's and Admiral Porter's operations at the mouth of Cape Fear River. We have Admiral Porter's report, giving an account of the operations of the fleet. Great hopes seem to have been built up on the success of a new contrivance for moving upon the enemy's works. The *Louisiana* had been converted into a monstrous torpedo, charged with an amount of powder "supposed to be sufficient to explode the powder magazines of the fort," and placed under the command of Commander A. C. Rhind. It was intended, previous to the attack, to explode this torpedo in close proximity to Fort Fisher, and thereby paralyze the garrison and materially injure the defensive works.

Porter sailed from Beaufort December 18 for the rendezvous, which was twenty miles east of New Inlet. He there found Butler on hand with the transports. A gale from the southwest set in so heavily on the 20th that Porter determined to ride it out. The transports had to put back to Beaufort, so that when a favorable gale afforded, Porter was on hand, and Butler out of sight. It was a little after midnight, on the morning of the 24th, that the torpedo was exploded. This preliminary affair was an utter disappointment. Indeed, the garrison in Fort Fisher supposed the explosion to be nothing more than the blowing up of one of our gun-boats. "The shock," says Porter, "was nothing like so severe as was expected. It shook the vessels some, and broke one or two glasses, but nothing more."

At daylight, the same day, the attack was opened from the fleet. The principal vessels engaged were the Ironsides, Canonicus, Mahopac, Monadnoc, Minnesota, Colorado, Mohican, Tuscarora, Wabash, Susquehanna, Brooklyn, Powhatan, Juniata, Seneca, Shenandoah, Patuxent, Ticonderoga, Mackinaw, Maumee, Yantic, Kansas, Iosco, Quaker City, Monticello, Rhode Island, Sassacus, Chippewa, Oceola, Tacony, Pontoosuc, Santiago de Cuba, Fort Jackson, and Vanderbilt, having a reserve of small vessels, consisting of the Aries, Howqua, Wilderness, Cherokee, A. D. Vance, Anemone, Eolus, Gettysburg, Alabama, Keystone State, Banshee, Emma Lillian, Tristram Shandy, Britannia, Governor Buckingham, and Nasemond.

Fort Fisher, the capture of which was the main object of the expedition, is situated on Federal Point, a narrow strip of land north of New Inlet. It is a strong earth-work, commanding the entrance to Cape Fear River. It has attached to it a system of isolated batteries and rifle-pits running from the main work down to the extremity of the Point. The three sides of the fort toward the water are very strong, and defended by heavy batteries. The eastward front is seaward, and is the strongest. The main wall is about eight feet high, with a ditch in front, and is mounted with several of Brooks's rifled-guns, protected by traverses, beneath which are the bomb-proof quarters for the gunners.

At the very extremity of the Point is a mound battery. It consists of a mound thirty feet in height, and plated with railroad iron. In the river at the rear of the fort spiles have been driven to obstruct the passage of our fleet. The coast is lined with batteries from Federal Point to Masonborough Inlet, a distance of thirteen miles. The most important of these is Half Moon Battery, a short distance above the point where Butler landed. On Oak Island Fort Caswell is situated, commanding the channel between Oak and Smith's islands.

The guns of Fort Fisher made no reply to Porter's until after a bombardment of over an hour. Two magazines had been exploded, and the fort had been set on fire in several places. The bombardment was continued steadily during the day. At night Butler appeared with his transports. The result of the day's operations had been a partial success. According to General Bragg's statement the casualties among the garrison amounted to twenty-three. Porter says of the bombardment, "it was impossible for any thing human to stand it." On the Federal side not a man had been hurt by the enemy. But some distressing casualties had occurred from the explosion of six 100-pound Parrott guns. Nearly fifty were killed and wounded from this cause.

The next day Butler's command, consisting of nearly 7000 men, began to land under cover of seventeen gun-boats, the fleet in the mean while silencing the guns of Fort Fisher. The army landed five miles east of the position taken by the fleet. Only about 3000 were landed. No assault was made, neither Generals Weitzel nor Butler deeming it practicable. Butler says, "We found 17 guns, only two of which had been dismounted, protected by traverses and bearing upon the beach, which did not afford room for a thousand men in line of battle."

A daring reconnoissance was made. Hog-Pond Battery, opposite the place of landing, had been captured at the outset, and sixty-five men and two officers taken prisoners. Weitzel advanced his skirmish line to within fifty yards of the fort, the garrison of which were kept in their bomb-proofs by the fire of the fleet. Three or four men even ventured upon the parapet, and through the sally-port, capturing a horse, killing an orderly, and bringing off the flag of the fort. These facts were given in a letter written by Butler to Porter. The latter appears to have differed with the military commanders as to the practicability of an assault. He says, in his reply to Butler, "I wish some more of your gallant fellows had followed the officer who took the flag from the parapet, and the brave fellow who brought the horse out from the fort. I think they would have found it an easier conquest than is supposed."

On the 26th the troops were withdrawn. Admiral Porter still remained with his fleet.

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 31st of December, the Hon. George M. Dallas, formerly Vice-President of the United States, died suddenly in Philadelphia, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 22d of December the steamship *North America*, of Philadelphia, from New Orleans to New York, Captain C. P. Marshman, foundered at sea. She left New Orleans on the 16th, with 203 sick soldiers on board, 12 cabin passengers, and a crew of 24 men. One hundred and ninety-seven lives were lost.

Jefferson Davis, December 24, issued a manifesto recognizing the Canadian raid on the steamer *Michigan* as a belligerent act, undertaken under the authority of the Confederate States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 8th of December a numerous deputation of friends of the United States waited upon Mr. Adams to congratulate him on President Lincoln's re-election. Sir Charles Lyell, who is well informed on American affairs, made a speech on the occasion, in which he expressed his conviction that our civil war is a struggle between a lower and higher civilization. To him as to many others the power of resistance which the South had displayed was surprising. He thought, however, that this very stubbornness of opposition had insured the overthrow of slavery.

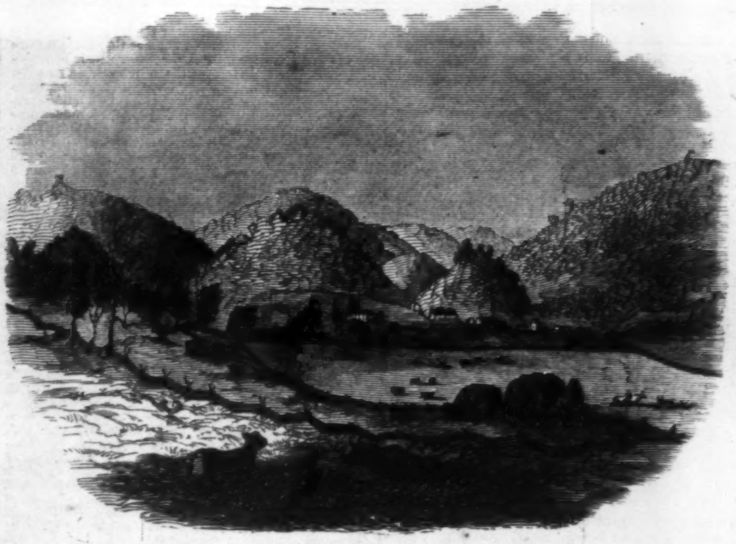
The *Spectator* mentions a letter from North Carolina by a strong Southerner to a friend in Manchester, giving a very gloomy picture of the feeling of the people. He speaks of having written very differently in previous letters, and admits that the tone of this will "surprise" his correspondent. The fall of Atlanta had, however, he said, thrown a general gloom over the Confederacy. "Despair is settling upon the people, and I firmly believe that if they were left to themselves they would accept terms and re-enter the Union as the only alternative to national ruin." He adds that he has now no hope of any terms less stringent than the complete extinction of slavery. Since this letter was written Hood has been defeated, and Sherman has successfully taken the first step in his victorious campaign.

A trial of considerable political importance has recently been concluded in France. Thirteen gentlemen were arraigned for sedition because they met at the house of M. Garnier Pagès, previous to the last general election, to confer on the best means of securing a return of certain Opposition candidates. This, it was claimed, was in opposition to the imperial edict of 1852, forbidding associations of this character. Strictly speaking the edict was not violated, as less than twenty persons were present at the meeting. They were found guilty by the Police Court. From this tribunal they appealed to the Cour Impériale, where the judgment was confirmed. This, it would seem, settles forever the illegality of political association in France. For these men were not plotters; they did not meet in secret; indeed they were not composed of one party alone, but of several. The names of the accused were Garnier Pagès, Carnot, Dreo, Herold, Clamageran, Floquet, Terry, Durier, Corbon, Joson, Herisson, Heldsheim, and Bory.

M. Mocquard, the French Emperor's private Secretary, died December 9. He was born in 1799, and has been an earnest supporter of the Bonaparte family throughout his career.

GENERAL HAZEN'S DIVISION, FIFTEENTH CORPS, STORMING FORT M'ALLISTER, DECEMBER 13, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

VIEW OF SALTVILLE, VIRGINIA.

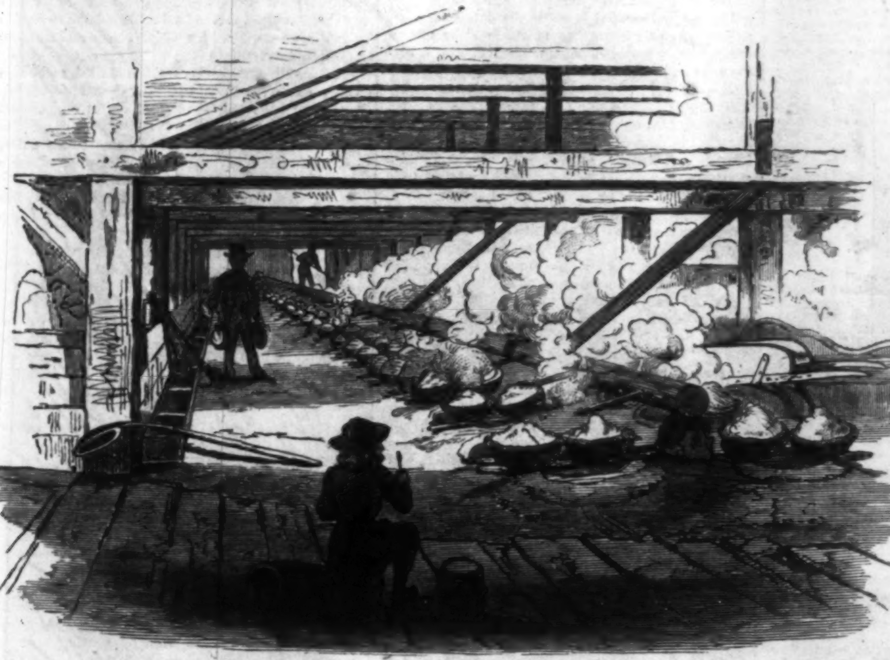


VIEW OF SALT VALLEY.

GENERAL BURBRIDGE'S RAID IN SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL S. G. BURBRIDGE, whose brilliant expedition into Southwestern Virginia we illustrate from sketches taken by "Porte Crayon," has been one of the most efficient officers in our western campaigns. Our readers will remember the heroic conduct of General A. J. SMITH'S Division at the capture of Fort Hindman, better known as Arkansas Post, January 11, 1863. The first brigade of this division was commanded by General BURBRIDGE, and performed the most distinguished part in the action of that day, having been selected for the assault, which resulted in the capture of the post. BURBRIDGE in person entered the fort before even the rebel guard was aware of the surrender. He had previously distinguished himself in the attack made on Vicksburg in December, 1862. Subsequently General BURBRIDGE at Corinth and Columbus, and more recently in Kentucky and East Tennessee, has well earned the Major-Generalship, which rank he now holds by brevet.

After General GILLEM'S defeat, November 12, 1864, BRECKINRIDGE had possession of Bull's Gap. GILLEM'S command was then joined by four thousand mounted men, making a force of full six thousand men, General STONEMAN assuming command of the whole. This column started from Bean's Station December 12. The rebel General DUKE, at Kingsport, opposed the crossing of the Holston, but was flanked and routed by GILLEM with a loss of one hundred men. The pursuit was continued to Bristol, on the Virginia border, which was occupied the next day, two hundred and fifty additional prisoners having been captured, and a large amount of property destroyed. VAUGHAN, who was twelve miles below at Zollicoffer, started immediately for Saltville, which was about thirty miles east of Bristol, but was headed off at Abingdon, which place was captured on the 14th. GILLEM pursued VAUGHAN, and, coming up with him, succeeded in taking fifty prisoners; and again at Mount Airy, where he took more prisoners and seven guns. VAUGHAN had now been driven several miles east of Saltville. Beaten in the morning at Mount Airy he was attacked at Wytheville in the afternoon, where he lost five more guns. The railroad was struck near Glade Spring, and two trains of cars captured. All the bridges and dépôts were destroyed to Wytheville; also the great iron-works near Marion.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SALT-WORKS.

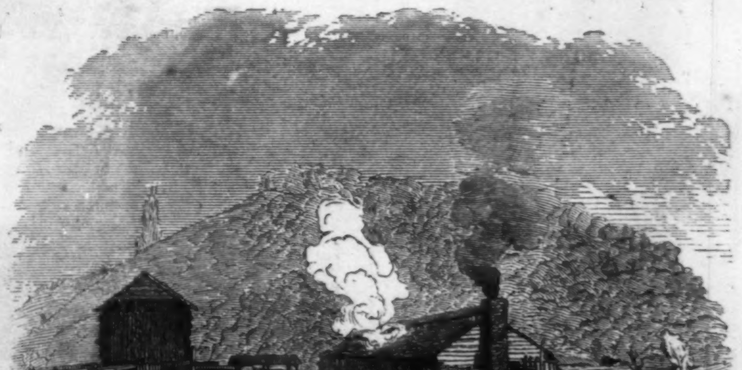
FIRING UP.

Returning, BRECKINRIDGE'S command was encountered. After an engagement of thirty-six hours the enemy fell back on Saltville; but an attack made on his flank drove him southward. The lead mines near Wytheville were destroyed.

The most important success of the expedition was the destruction of the salt-works at Saltville. These were captured on the night of the 20th with eight pieces of artillery. The works, according to BURBRIDGE, can not be repaired during the war. General LEE, however, relying perhaps on the too favorable report of BRECKINRIDGE, thinks they can be easily repaired.

Saltville is in Washington County, 288 miles west of Richmond, near the North Fork of the Holston

DIPPING OUT THE SALT.



LOWER SALT-WORKS.

River, and eight or nine miles north of the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. A branch road connects it with the latter. The salt manufactured here is of the very best quality. The works have been deemed so important by the rebels that a Richmond paper lately declared the loss of Savannah an inferior consideration.

"The valley at the head of which Saltville stands," says "Porte Crayon," "contains several hundred acres of rich meadow. It is surrounded by a chain of conical hills, from 500 to 800 feet in height, so regularly formed that, but for their extent, they might be mistaken for artificial mounds. At the distance of 250 feet below the surface is a bed of fossil salt. The salt is procured by sinking beds to the depth of the salt-bed, when the water rises within 46 feet of the surface, and is raised from thence by pumps into large tanks, or reservoirs, elevated a convenient distance above the surface. The brine thus procured is a saturated solution, and for every hundred gallons yields twenty-two gallons of pure salt. The process of manufacturing it is very simple. An arched furnace is constructed, probably 150 feet in length, with the doors at one end and the chimney at the other. Two rows of heavy iron kettles, shaped like shallow bowls, are built into the top of the furnace. Large wooden pipes convey the brine from the tanks to these kettles, where the water is evaporated by boiling, while the salt crystallizes and is precipitated. During the operation a white saline vapor rises from the boilers, the inhalation of which is said to cure diseases of the lungs and throat. At regular intervals an attendant goes round and with a mammoth ladle dips out the salt, chucking it into loosely-woven split baskets, which are placed in pairs over the boilers. Here it drains and drips until the dipper has gone his round with the ladle. It is then thrown into the salt-shells, immense magazines on either side of the furnaces. The salt thus manufactured is of the purest quality, white and beautiful as the driven snow. Indeed, on seeing the men at work in the magazines, with pick and shovel, a novice would swear they were working in a snow-bank: while the pipes and reservoirs, which at every leak become coated over with snowy concretions, sparkling like hoar-frost and icicles in the sun, serve to confirm the wintry illusion. To avoid land-carriage the brine is piped to the banks of the Holston, and manufactured on the spot. The salt is packed in barrels and is carried Westward down the river, or Eastward on the railroad. An immense coopering establishment is the characteristic adjunct of the lower salt-works."

The results of this expedition are very important. All the dépôts of supplies in Southwestern Virginia, foundries, mills, store-houses, and trains were destroyed. Twenty-five hundred rounds of artillery ammunition, two thousand horses, and one thousand mules were captured; also four rebel printing-presses and two editors. The presses were sent to Parson BROWNLOW as a Christmas gift. The Federal loss did not exceed two hundred killed, wounded, and missing. The rebel loss, besides killed and wounded, were nearly a thousand men captured, including twenty-four officers.

A CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

WE give on page 25 an illustration of a charge made by the Third Brigade of the First Division, Sixteenth Corps. This brave corps belonged to M'PHERSON's old army of the Tennessee. That fact alone speaks volumes in its behalf. The charge of the Third Brigade, which resulted in the capture of a strong rebel work and several guns, was one of the most brilliant of the many brilliant achievements of General THOMAS's gallant army on 15th and 16th of December, 1864.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH writes to the *Daily News* a very high estimate of General Butler's powers. He has been with him at City Point, and regards him as "in all points, good and evil, the model of a revolutionary chief." "Like Danton, he has walked straight on his wild way, fearless of danger, and somewhat reckless of opinion. I do not worship revolutionary characters. I hate the element from which they spring, as I love the calm progress of regular improvement. But revolution has come, and I suspect that in its melancholy annals Butler will occupy a broader and perhaps a less odious page than is commonly supposed." He has struck a medal for the negro soldiers with "*Ferro iis libertas proveniet*" for the motto, and "he has made the motto," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "a practical truth."

HOW TO LAY GHOSTS.—In a Church publication entitled "Church Work of the Guild of St. Alban's," among other curiosities we actually find a "Form of exorcising a haunted house," given not as a literary curiosity, but as something to be used now. It ends as follows: "Then let the image of our Saviour upon the cross be erected in an open part of the principal room in the house; and let the priest sprinkle the whole house with holy water, from top even to the bottom, saying: The Lesson. St. Luke, xix. 1, 10. 'And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. And behold there was a man named Zaccheus,' etc. When all these things are done, let abyssum, which is a kind of an herb, be procured, and after it is signed with the sign of the cross, let it be hung up at the four corners of the house."

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MR. THACKERAY.—Immediately after Mr. Thackeray's death a committee of gentlemen, with Mr. Shirley Brooks for Secretary, determined on the erection of a memorial to their friend, and obtained the sanction of the Dean of Westminster for its location in the Abbey. The exact site has now been selected, and a marble bust of the author of "Vanity Fair" will shortly be placed close behind the effigy of him whom Thackeray so honored and eulogized—Joseph Addison. The bust will be executed by Baron Marochetti, who was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Thackeray.

MOST people think there are cares enough in the world, and yet many are very industrious to increase them. One of the readiest ways of doing this is to quarrel with a neighbor. A bad bargain may vex a man for a week; and a bad debt may trouble him for a month, but a quarrel with his neighbor will keep him in hot water all the year round.

HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.—A lady or gentleman, having made up her or his mind to be photographed, naturally considers, in the first place, how to be dressed so as to show off to the best advantage. This is by no means such an important matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is, photographically, black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionately darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: white, light-blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark-blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, drab, cerise, magenta, yellow-green, dark-brown, purple, red, amber, maroon, orange, dead black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of color should be especially guarded against. In photography brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; while the "bonny blue e'e," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer, for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair is to powder it nearly white; it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions. A freckle quite invisible at a short distance is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff-box must be called in to the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. Blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep your complexion clear and free from tan and freckles while taking your delightful rambles at the sea-side, discard by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark-green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle offers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than white. Half a yard of yellow net, though not very becoming, will be found very efficacious, and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor. The cause of freckles is simple enough. It is nothing more than the darkening of the salts of iron contained in the blood by the action of light. A freckled face is, therefore, an animated photograph.

LEECH'S LITTLE FRIEND.—Mr. Leech was very fond of a boy known to Mr. Dickens, an extraordinary small boy, but of great spirit, who was a midshipman in the navy. "Whenever this boy came home from a cruise," says Mr. Dickens, "he and Leech, and never any body else, used to go out in great state, and dine at the Garrick Club, and go to the play, and finish in an exemplary way with kidneys and harmony. On the first of these occasions, the officer came out so frightfully small, that, Leech told us afterward, he was filled with horror when he saw him eating his dinner at the Garrick with a large knife. On the other hand, he felt that to suggest a small knife to an officer and a gentleman would be an unpardonable affront. So, after meditating for some time, he felt that his course was to object to the club knives as enormous and gigantic; to remonstrate with the servant on their huge proportions, and with a grim dissatisfaction to demand small ones. After which he and the officer messed with great satisfaction, and agreed that things in general were running too large in England." But incidents like these are precisely what we find pictured in his pages; and his friends, pointing to sketch after sketch, can say, "I told him that;" "This happened to himself;" "I was present when he came upon so-and-so."

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The oldest newspaper in the world is published in Pekin. It is printed on a large sheet of silk, and, it is said, has made a weekly appearance for upward of a thousand years.

SHAKSPEARE IN BIRMINGHAM.—A discovery of great interest in connection with England's greatest poet has recently been made in the offices of a firm of Birmingham solicitors. Some dozen important deeds, including conveyances, grants, leases, etc., have been discovered relating to property adjoining Shakspeare's house in Henley Street, on the east side. These deeds bear dates from 1573 to about 1660. John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, was present at the signature of several, and the name of William Shakspeare himself is repeated a few times in some of them. The deeds are in excellent preservation, and the seals are in an unusually perfect condition. We believe that the seal attached to some of these deeds is likely to lead to some very interesting discoveries, and to throw considerable light on our known Shakspearian relics.

IT may interest our soldiers to know that their average height is greater by two inches than that of recruits for the British army; their average weight greater by eighteen pounds than that of British soldiers; and their average circumference of chest a quarter of an inch greater than that of certain French troops.

A LUDICROUS story is told of Baron Hullock's being on a visit to Lord Dacre in Essex, and accompanying a gentleman, notorious for his absence of mind, in a walk, during which they came to the parish stocks. Having a wish to know the nature of the punishment, the chief justice begged his companion to open them so that he might try. This being done, his friend sauntered on, and totally forgot him. The imprisoned chief tried in vain to release himself, and on asking a peasant who was passing by to let him out, was laughed at, and told he "wasn't set there for nothing." He was soon set at liberty by the servants of his host; and afterward on the trial of an action for false imprisonment against a magistrate by some fellow whom he had set in the stocks, on the counsel for the defendant ridiculing the charge and declaring it was no punishment at all, his lordship leaned over and whispered, "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" The counsel indignantly replied, "Never, my lord." "Then I have been," said the chief justice, "and I can assure you it is not the trifle you represent it."

THE following passage from St. Jerome, might well have been written of ladies of the present day: "Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with red, and their eyes with black—those whose plaster faces, too white to be human, remind us of idols—those who can not shed a tear without its tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those whose head-dresses are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrinkles into the counterfeit presentment of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of troops of grandchildren."

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

BY A SOLDIER.

THEIR lips are still as the lips of the dead,
The gaze of their eyes is straight ahead;
The tramp, tramp, tramp of ten thousand feet
Keep time to that muffled, monotonous beat—
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

Ten thousand more! and still they come
To fight a battle for Christendom!
With cannon, and caissons, and flags unfurled,
The foremost men in all the world!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

The foe is intrenched on the frowning hill—
A natural fortress, strengthened by skill;
But vain are the walls to those who face
The champions of the human race!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

"By regiment! Forward into line!"
Then sabres, and guns, and bayonets shine.
O ye who feel your fate at last
Repeat the old prayer as your hearts beat fast!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

O ye who've waited and prayed so long
That Right might have a fair fight with Wrong
No more in fruitless marches shall plod,
But smite the foe with the wrath of God!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

O Death! what a charge that carried the hill!
That carried, and kept, and holds it still!
The foe is broken and flying with fear,
While far on their route our drummers I hear—
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

"MAD AS A MARCH HARE."

I.

"AFTER all, who is there that dare truly boast of having a '*mens sana in corpore sano?*' Don't all speak at once."

The above rather abrupt query came from Jenkins, the broker, and was uttered to three other gentlemen who were his companions in a carriage, which vehicle was taking them townward from a visit to the Exford Lunatic Asylum. The talk had, naturally, been upon insanity.

Insanity generally, but especially that form of it called monomania. An odd thing had occurred to these visitors at the Asylum, which gave direction and force to the current of their conversation.

As it's not long, nor much out of place, perhaps it may as well be related.

The Medical Director, who was a Quaker, and somewhat of an original himself, had been suddenly called away while doing the honors of his establishment to Messrs. Jenkins & Co.

"I am sorry to have to leave you," said he; "but"—looking round—"ah, my friend here will show you over the place." He beckoned to a tall, sad-visaged man, who stood near, with a grave smile on his face. "Friend Joseph," said the Doctor; "will thee take my place and show our visitors over the premises?"

"With pleasure, Amos," replied Joseph. "This way if you please, friends."

For nearly an hour the visitors followed their guide, whose familiarity with the details of each patient's malady seemed to indicate that he was an *employé* of the establishment, while his manner, and the tone and matter of his remarks, marked him as a man of fair breeding and no little culture.

So that the gentlemen were considerably puzzled to "make him out," though unanimous in the feeling that he had given their visit much additional interest and instruction. This sentiment found a courteous expression in their thanks as they bade him good-day, the Director not having reappeared.

"Ah, you are very good!" said he, with bland dignity. Then, as if struck with a sudden idea, he continued, rapidly: "But if you really think I have been of service, you are able to repay it tenfold."

"How? how?" exclaimed the others.

Friend Joseph looked anxiously round, as though to ascertain if they were observed, then, drawing nearer and speaking hurriedly, in a suppressed voice, "*By procuring me an engagement to dance in the Ballet*," said he, eagerly. "Perhaps you are not aware that I am the most wonderful dancer in the world. In fact—but this is a secret—*I am made of pure India rubber from the waist down.* I will show you how—"*

At this moment fortunately—for the visitors were in a pitiable state of embarrassment—the Doctor came hurrying up, whom, as soon as Joseph caught sight of, he whispered, earnestly, "Not a word to *him!*" and made off with very undignified haste.

In a few words the Director gave the history of the monomaniac, under whose care he had placed his guests (which history has nothing to do with the present sketch), and they departed. From this incident their talk, as they rode homeward, took form and color, and at a certain point in this talk, Jenkins, who had said but little previously, suddenly put forth the observation which opens this article, viz.:

"After all, who is there that can truly boast of a '*men's sana in corpore sano?*' Don't all speak at once."

This last remark was evidently ironical, inasmuch as no one evinced any haste to reply, but rather the reverse.

"The fact is, gentlemen," continued Jenkins, after giving his friends a moment to ponder his previous question—"the fact is, as somebody once said, we have all at least one 'crotchet' on the brain. 'There was the great Webster,' said this somebody, 'he was crazy on the Constitution; Calhoun on Nullification;' and so forth, through all our great men. And you'll all admit that Jeff Davis and his friends are roaring mad on Secession. Even you yourselves—"

"What! Do you mean to assert that we—that I—?"

"Of course! You're all mild monomaniacs. You, for instance, Green, are insane on balloons. Haven't you spent some hundreds—perhaps thousands—of dollars on experiments in aerial navigation?"

"Well, and what of it? I can tell you, Jenkins—"

"Never mind telling me now. You, Black, are insane on numismatics. Didn't you give twenty-five dollars to old Solomans for a worn-out half-penny—?"

"Nonsense! It was a Queen—"

"Mab, perhaps. No matter. White, you're crazy as a bed-bug on—on—" he hesitated.

"On what?" queried White, an eccentric old bachelor, who made himself miserable by striving to forget that he had got to die like the rest of mankind.

"Well, then, on undertakers! Did not you once drag me half a dozen blocks out of our way to avoid passing the establishment of one? And have not you even recorded your horror of that respectable 'guild' in your will?"

"I *do* hate an undertaker like the devil!" exclaimed White, with a grimace; "but that is not—"

"Yes, but it is, though!" persisted Jenkins. "And I myself am also slightly touched."

"Ha!" cried the trio in chorus.

"And pray, what's *your* mania?"

"Story-telling, perhaps," said the philosophic broker; "for I am reminded of one that is quite *apropos* to our conversation. Or, rather, not a story, but a personal experience in illustration of my theory. And if you like—"

"Oh! by all means. Let us have it."

"After supper," said Jenkins. And after supper the four sat together on the broker's piazza and listened to his story, while the smoke of their cigars floated mistily up to the yellow harvest-moon.

II.

"You none of you know Skipwick, but he has been my friend for many years—no, not friend, but intimate business acquaintance. I've made his investments for him, and all that sort of thing.

"Skipwick's father was a manufacturing chemist, and his son was brought up in the laboratory. He, the son, had quite a scientific turn, and was a good deal of a student; so much so as to injure his health; and when his father died he wound up the concern and retired with a handsome fortune. Idleness, however, did not suit him—he was a bachelor of thirty odd—and for some years he employed himself in making scientific experiments, chemical and mechanical, and dabbling in patent inventions and the like.

"Then appeared the Fox girls with their mysterious rappings, and Skipwick instantly dropped all his other irons into the fire and went in wildly to discover and explain this mystery. Whether he succeeded or not I do not know, but being fairly astride of this hobby-horse he rode into the mists of biology, psychology, the odyllic force, table-turning, and the rest, and I, being out in the sunshine of commonsense, lost sight of him for the time.

"Every now and then, to be sure, he would emerge wearily from the fog and sun himself a little with me, but he seemed nervous and ill at ease in the commonplace daylight of practical life, and hankered after his dreamland. I never talked with him much of his new hobbies, for he seemed to wish to avoid the subject, and indeed seldom came to see me except upon business, for which he showed as clear a head as ever.

"At length, one sad day my father died, and Skipwick came on the day of the funeral, and pressed my hand, and bade me be of good cheer, and smiled mysteriously, and went away.

"About a month afterward he entered my office, just as I was going to dinner, and said, 'I have news for you. I will walk home with you.'

"'We walked up town together, I momentarily expecting him to tell me his news, but he was perfectly silent.

"'Well, Skipwick, what were you going to tell me?' I asked, at length, becoming impatient.

"'Not here,' answered he, gravely. 'Wait till we are alone.'

"This rather alarmed me; not on my own account, but because I thought some misfortune had befallen him.

"'You haven't sold that copper stock, I hope?' I asked.

"'No.'

"'Has your house been robbed? or your pocket picked? or—'

"'No, no, no! Don't ask me any thing till we are at your house!'

"I looked at him. He was pale, and there was a restlessness in his eye I had never observed before. 'He is ill; or some woman has jilted him,' I thought; and so let him alone till we were seated in my study.

"'Now then, Skipwick!' said I, encouragingly.

"'Theodore,' said he—he always called me by my first name, being a half Quaker (his mother was a Hickcox)—'Theodore,' said he, putting his hand on my knee, 'I have seen your father.'

"'I know you have, often,' said I, innocently. 'What of it?'

"'Theodore,' said he, gravely, 'I saw him last night!'

"I confess that this startled me; but I instantly recovered, and replied, 'In a dream, I suppose.'

"'No, but in the spirit. I called upon him, and he answered. I asked him how it was with him, and he said, "Well." I asked if he had a message for you, and he said, "Tell Theodore his place is ready for him!"'

"I looked at Skipwick again. His eyes still moved restlessly in their orbits, and he was even paler than before. Instinctively I pushed back my chair. 'Good God!' thought I, 'Skipwick is mad!' In the next instant a feeling of indignation took possession of me. 'He is not mad,' I thought; 'but he is experimenting with his cursed psychology, or some other foolery, upon my feelings!'

"'Look you, Skipwick!' said I, 'you are an old acquaintance, but I'll be d——d [excuse me, gentlemen, but I was naturally excited] if your intimacy gives you a right to play off your tomfooleries upon me! And—' But before I could say more he arose and held out his hand.

"'I am sorry to give you pain,' said he, sadly, 'and I beg you will forgive me. But I had the message, and it was my duty to bear it. I thought, too, you would like to hear— Well, well, I will say no more now,' said he, interrupting himself—from the expression of my face probably; 'and as to your epithet, I pass it over. You are still in the dark; but it will be all light some day, and you will do me justice. Good-day, Theodore.'

"He went away. Poor Skipwick! His brain was evidently weakened. I made but a gloomy meal that day. A week afterward he came to me to sell some stock for him.

"'It is a bad time to sell,' said I.

"'I can not help it. It must be done. I have bought a house, and it must be paid for and furnished.'

"'A house? Are you going to marry, Skipwick?'

"'No! It is not for myself.'

"'Ah! And may I inquire for whom it *is?*'

"'It is for my—for Mr. and Mrs. Cheetham.'

"'Relations of yours, I suppose?'

"'No. That is—yes—spiritually.'

"His 'spiritual relations!'

"Lord! Lord!

"I questioned him, and, after much difficulty, discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Cheetham were two

* A fact. We mean the incident, *not* the India rubber. —*Narrator.*

'distinguished Mediums' from a 'circle' somewhere in New England, who had persuaded poor Skipwick to 'import' them for the purpose of assisting him in his 'spiritual' experiments.

"It was all over with him, I feared. He was in the hands of the Philistines, and he was no Samson with shorn locks that would grow again.

"Finding it worse than useless to attempt dissuasion or argument with him, I contented myself with some business advice as to his retaining the ownership of house and furniture, sold his stock, and paid him the money—ten thousand dollars. Once more he vanished into the fog, riding recklessly sea-ward."

III.

"HIS family ought to have placed him in an asylum!" exclaimed Green, as Jenkins paused for a moment.

"He had no family nearer than dubious cousins."

"His friends, then."

"Humph! He was over forty, and worth a quarter of a million. But we live in America, not England. Besides, 'spiritualism' has not yet been decided to furnish ground for personal restraint, the more's the pity! Let me go on:

"One day I took an odd fancy to have a look at, and a word with, the two 'distinguished mediums' who were furnishing Skipwick with shadows in return for his 'substance.' So I rang the bell of a small, neat brick house in a quiet street, with 'CHEETHAM' on the door-plate. A thin, freckled-faced woman—with a remarkably sharp eye, and hair that looked as if a clip of the barber's shears would be sure to make it bleed—opened the door.

"'Is Mr. Cheetham at home?'

"'He is;' curtly, and holding the door ajar.

"'Can I see him for a moment?'

"'I'll see. Who shall I say, Sir?'

"'He does not know my name. Say a friend of Mr. Skipwick's.'

"'Oh! step into the parlor. I will communicate with my husband.'

"The lady with the sanguinary tresses was Mrs. Cheetham. She would 'communicate' with Mr. C. I fancied that perhaps she was about to advise him 'spiritually' of my presence by rapping on the ceiling, or ordering some of the furniture to give him notice to that effect. But no; she simply went up stairs like a mere human being to tell him, and he presently made his appearance. His manner and matter of greeting, as well as the man himself, instantly brought his prototype before my mental eye as a great Master had portrayed him. 'Ecce Chadband!' said I to myself.

"He was oily, bland, ponderous, and rolled his r's as though he delivered them off a spindle. Before I had listened five minutes to him I felt that he was a knave. I needn't try to repeat what he said. You've read plenty of that sort of stuff in the newspapers. He ended by offering his services to 'communicate' with any deceased friend or relative I might wish to hear from, and said that Mr. Skipwick was unfortunately too exacting and imperative; so that the 'manifestations' had not been, of late, as satisfactory as either he or Mr. S. could wish.

"The house, what I saw of it, was comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished; and I discovered, through a mild complaint of Skipwick's 'closeness' by Mr. Cheetham, that he and Mrs. C. received a regular 'salary' of two hundred dollars a month from Mr. S., besides incidental sums for 'spiritual' extras.

"In a word, Skipwick was fleeced by this precious pair to the tune of over three thousand dollars a year, exclusive of the house-rent, while they succeeded in 'fooling him to the top of his bent,' whatever that may be. It was a very tall 'bent' at all events!

"Not very long afterward Skipwick, coming to me on business as usual, in answer to my questions, told me he had found the Cheetham pair to be impostors, and had dismissed them.

"I congratulated him, and hoped his eyes were now opened.

"But they were not. He had only changed guides to his blindness. He had another 'medium in his house. This one indubitably honest, and of high spirit-compelling power, but dear in proportion. He—the new 'Light'—was not married, but lived with his *sister*, a 'trance-medium' to whom Swedenborg was a mere 'dreamer of dreams.'

"Well, this was two years ago. Since then Skipwick has changed his 'spiritual relations' many times; but with every new 'blind guide' he has ridden deeper into the fog, nearer and nearer to the cliff, beneath which roars the wreck-strewn ocean of Madness! The last I heard of his 'hobby' he was trotting it alongside of the 'Davenport Boys' with their 'magic cabinet' on his back.

"He comes regularly to see me on business, about which he talks—as indeed he does about every thing save one—shrewdly and consistently. I see him often in the street, walking, with his head down, rapidly, and his lips in constant motion, as if holding 'communication' with the 'unseen world.' He even occasionally drops in here of an evening when his talk is chiefly of the rebellion, which, he says, on the authority of the 'spirits,' is 'all right' and 'part of the great plan.' What the 'great plan' is, however, the 'spirits' have not as yet vouchsafed to inform him.

"He has not fortunately much diminished his estate to feed his folly, but devotes at least two-thirds of his income to the 'Cause of Spiritualism.' He is a perfect Providence to many 'circles' both here and in other cities; and no amount of disappointment, detection of fraud, or falsehood seems to shake his faith in the abstract truth of the spiritual doctrines."

"He will surely end in the asylum!" said Mr. White. "There are no undertakers out there, at any rate!" added he, grimly.

"You're mistaken," retorted Green.

"There are two—as patients."

"Glad of it! Serves 'em right!" growled the old bachelor.

"Well, Jenkins," said Black, thoughtfully, "it's a great pity, certainly, about your poor friend Skipwick; but what inference do you draw from his case? Do you mean to say that he proves your assertion that all of us are 'mild monomaniacs?'"

Just as Jenkins was about to answer a step came rapidly up the brick walk toward the porch, and a voice said,

"Good-evening, Theodore! Ah! I thought you were alone."

"Only old friends. Walk up, Skipwick."

The new-comer came up the steps and was briefly introduced.

He was a middle-sized man, with a pale face and deep-sunk eye, and his lips had a tremulous motion in them, even when his countenance was in repose. Otherwise a gentlemanly, quiet looking person, in grave attire.

This night he seemed in unusually good spirits, and talked with a nervous flow of words, like a man who has a secret he itches to tell, yet can not find nor make a fitting opportunity. After sitting some thirty minutes, however, during which he had made no allusion, direct or indirect, to his "mania," but had listened with interest, though impatiently, to Jenkins's account of their visit to the Asylum, he suddenly rose and said,

"I did not know you had company, Theodore; I only stopped to tell you the glorious news. These gentlemen will no doubt be glad to hear it also." He paused, and seemed to hesitate.

"Certainly; good news is always welcome!" exclaimed all of them.

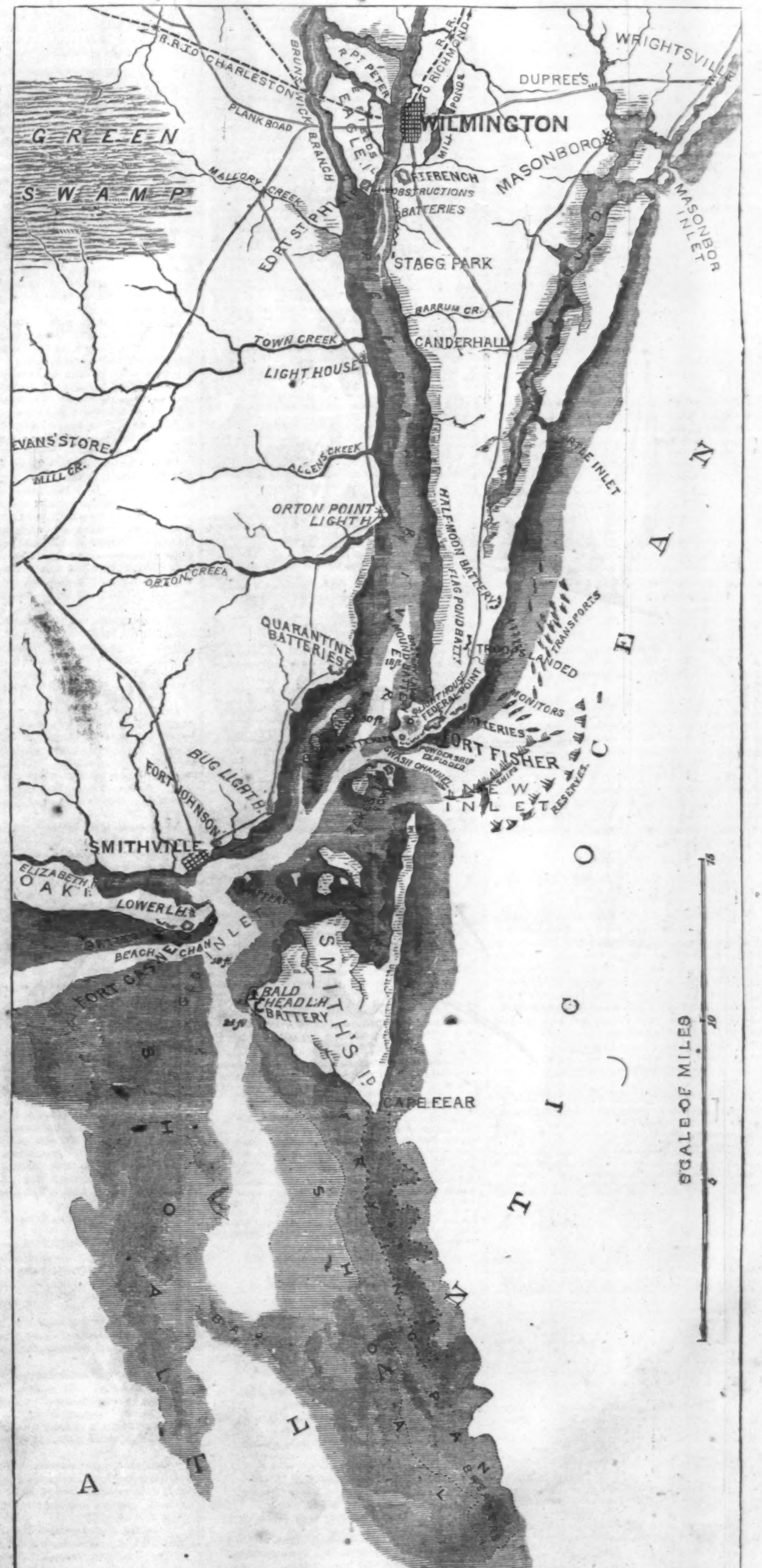
Skipwick walked rapidly up and down the top step of the piazza as he continued,

"It was very hard to obtain a decided manifestation, but we got it at last, and I am able to assure you that PEACE WILL BE PROCLAIMED ON THE 4TH DAY OF MARCH, 1865."

Having delivered this strangely-positive prediction in a loud voice and with a violent gesture, he said "Good-night!" almost in a whisper, and was gone.

"As mad as a March hare!" cried Mr. White.

And the others responded, "Amen!"



MAP OF WILMINGTON AND ITS DEFENSES.

KILPATRICK'S LAST CHARGE AT WAYNESBOROUGH, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 4, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 28.]

CHARGE OF THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, SIXTEENTH CORPS, AT THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, DECEMBER 15, 1864.—SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.—[SEE PAGE 22.]

"BY-AND-BY."

WAS the parting very bitter?
Was the hand-clasp very tight?
Is a storm of tear-drops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future
Calmer, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "by-and-by."

Were some whispered words too cherished?
Was the touch of lips too sweet?
Are two souls once linked together
Never, never more to meet?
Never here, earth's poor, vain passion
Slowly smouldering out must die,
But its ashes shall return you
Something purer "by-and-by."

Was the priceless love you lavished
Sought for, played with, and then slain?
Were its crushed and quiv'ring remnants
Calmly thrown you back again?
Calmly too the remnants gather,
Bring them home without a sigh,
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you
In a coming "by-and-by."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,
With its sails all torn and wet,
Crossing o'er a waste of waters
Over which your sun has set?
To the shore all calm and sunlit,
To the smooth sand warm and dry?
Faith shall bear your shattered vessel
Safely, surely, "by-and-by."

Are the eyelids very weary,
Does the tired head long for rest,
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper "Rest is coming,
Rest forever, 'by-and-by.'"

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,
Cease your wailing and rejoice;
Cry not out for days departed,
None will hear you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
O'er a brighter "by-and-by."

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

FOREST LAKE is one of the myriad gems of the peninsula. Excessive weariness could not blind me to that fact the first night of my arrival. The last mile or two of the way lay along its margin, every turn revealing some new beauty. The wild orange, magnolia, and bay loaded the air with perfume, while giant oaks dipped their mossy arms in the wave and grasped their own shadows.

The carriage drove through a little village of cabins just as the sun was setting. The field-hands were home from labor, and stood bowing and courtesying, trying to get a peep at the new-comer—every arrival being an event on these isolated plantations. A large gate, swung open by a little negro, admitted to the grounds surrounding the mansion—a tasteful, unpretending house, southern in every feature. We were welcomed by the barking of dogs, the strutting of pea-fowl, the scream of guineas, and the somersaults of two or three young darkeys. Two little girls dressed in white stood with a nurse on the piazza, and a gray-haired quadroon, with bright eyes and intelligent face, came to the carriage to assist and welcome me.

"The young lady Mars'r George sent for Mammy Rose to nuss and take care on," she said, in a pleasant tone.

"No," I replied, "I am Miss Miller, the children's governess." I knew nothing of Mars'r George, and thought the old woman mistaken in the arrival.

The little girls were too timid to approach me readily, but stole sly glances into the room where I went to lay aside my traveling garb.

"Don't be so shamed, honeys," said their nurse; "go in and tell the lady 'How d'ye?'"

"Why don't she wear pretty, bright dresses, Tilly? Say now, why don't she?"

"Hush, you! Somebody's done gone dead!"

"Like our mamma?"

"Yes, honeys! jes like Miss Ann."

A substantial supper was waiting—chickens, bacon, rice, coffee, and hot cakes. The little girls sat opposite me; a man-servant did the waiting; while Tilly, with an immense brush of peacock's plumes, fanned away the flies, and kept up an artificial breeze.

Such was my introduction to Forest Lake.

My room was a very pleasant one, with windows opening out on the lake, from which issued a wild scream of water-fowl the livelong night. Old Rose—Mammy Rose as she was called—came in the morning with a cup of coffee, and a face full of pitying kindness.

"Poor chile!" she said. "All bruises from head to heart. Lie still to-day, and let mammy nuss ye. De good Lord will heal in his own time. 'Pears like you is a tender flower."

I let her talk on; there was something in the plaintive minor of her voice, and her words were picturesque and poetical, the language of a double race. Very little of the genuine African was betrayed either in her features or dress, which was plain and simple enough to have characterized a lady.

The little girls, hearing her voice, came to the window, and held in handfuls of roses without showing their faces.

"They's dying to see you, Miss, but are as shy as young rabbits. They were talking about the sweet lady this morning before they said their prayers."

"Can you not coax them in? I love children dearly."

"They'll soon find it out, Miss! They wasn't long finding that Miss Poultney were not fond of them."

"Who was she?"

"Some kin to their mother, who came to teach and take care of them. But she got on-easy and homesick-like here, and nobody could suit her. Mars'r George did his best, and when he fails thar's no use trying. She went back to Carlinar about a week since."

Another little hand was seen before the curtain, holding a gorgeous Bahama lily. Mammy Rose took it as she had done the others, and gave it to me, saying as she did so,

"Go now, Miss Jessie, and bring your sister. The lady wishes to see you."

Light footsteps were heard on the piazza; soft, whispering voices near the window, but no children came. Rose went away soon "to look after the house," she said, charging me to lie still all day; instead of which I arose, dressed, and went down to the lake-side.

A boy was fishing near the wharf. Seeing me, he raised his hat, bowed and grinned with the air of an old acquaintance. It was not the coachman, of that I was certain. Had I ever seen him before? I could not tell; they were all alike to me.

Two little hands led me up the shell-walk to the cottage, when Mammy's breakfast was ready—little Jessie's and Georgia's. Two little mouths gave me kisses before night, and prattled and called me, as I bade them, Miss Margy. The new governess was no longer a stranger.

The lessons began by degrees, and soon became the absorbing amusement of the morning; not cold, dry tasks, but pleasant talks about pleasant things. Little slates had figures, and little copy-books letters and words to be imitated, until they could answer papa's letters, and get the reward he had promised them. No other incentive was ever needed than to please him.

An old piano, hoarse from disuse, stood in the parlor. I opened it, wiped the mould from the wires, limbered the keys, and tried "Rousseau's Dream," my first lesson. The children were delighted. So with efforts to give pleasure, and struggles to forget pain, passed the first days at Lake Cottage.

In about two weeks a letter came from Colonel Hamilton—a letter as puzzling in some of its allusions and inquiries as the Sphinx's riddle, until little Georgia unconsciously solved the enigma, and left me in a tumult of feelings difficult to describe.

"Don't you see, Jessie, this is papa's pretty seal? Doesn't he write nice letters, Miss Margy?"

The child had picked up the envelope, and was examining the impression upon the wax. How stupid I had been from the first, when, as I now recollected, the truth had been told me half a dozen times by inference! "Two motherless children—father going to the war!" Hadn't he told me on one occasion nothing prevented his acceptance of a commission but his two motherless children? The coincidence of name alone should have been sufficient to open my eyes to the fact; but who ever attaches weight to a name? And now, I understood better those mysterious parting words—"I am banished until you recall me," as well as Mammy Rose's welcome, and Tom's persistent recognition. How stupid I had been, unpardonably stupid, but for the one great, absorbing event which had made me insensible to every thing but grief.

I strove hard to discover something to find fault with in the review of the engagement—nothing was palpable but my own dullness. When refusing the draft had I not asked him to aid me in procuring a situation? He might at least have been frank about it, I said to myself, and said to him in my reply, in which I made a full confession of stupidity.

His rejoinder disarmed me. He wrote:

"Forgive me, Margy! I had compunctions, but was not quite certain you did not comprehend the arrangement. And how else could I fulfill my solemn promise to your brother, to watch over and protect you until such time as you could go safely to your own home and friends? I could have found situations where you would have had more society—more luxuries perhaps; but that specification of yours—'some person not afraid of Northern sentiment'—seemed to point directly to me. I know of few who are tolerant of 'Northern sentiment' at present, especially among the *ladies* of the South, and could not endure you should be subjected to the slightest annoyance for opinions' sake. I felt that, in your present frame of mind, society would only burden you, and that you needed *rest*. Where could you find it more entirely than at the 'Cottage,' where I am certain the servants will be devoted to you, and you are to be entirely your own mistress?

"So far for your interest. Now for considerations more selfish.

"With every confidence in my housekeeper and other servants, I have never felt willing to leave my little ones entirely to them. The lady who has had care of them since their mother's death has for months been wishing to be relieved, and I would gladly have yielded to her request sooner but from the difficulty of supplying her loss. Advertising without success, I was on the point of sending the children to a school in Savannah, when your proposition came to my aid, and relieved me of several difficulties at the same time.

"But if you have any regrets, Miss Margy; if the place is not agreeable to you; if you find it too isolated and lonely, or the children trouble you, recollect you are free to withdraw at any moment. I will only claim the privilege of serving you in some other way. Let me beg you, then, to be candid, and trust me as you would a brother.

"I am enrolled for the war, so you need not apprehend my presence at the lake. The clouds grow thicker and darker every hour. The sacred soil of Virginia is already red with blood. I love to think that you are out of reach of its ravages, almost of its rumors.

"Mammy Rose writes the children are very happy. May God bless them and you."

I was wholly disarmed. Why should pride strive to put new weapons into my heart to be turned against myself? Why could not I labor as freely and as independently too for a friend as for a stranger? Colonel Hamilton could never be less than a friend, and when had friend proved less selfish or more deserving? For Robert's sake I would abide in the warm, sheltering haven I had so unwittingly entered until the storm was past.

My next letter was pronounced "most satisfactory."

The calm uniformity of life at Lake Cottage suited me entirely. I felt no need of society; my life was in the past; and present duties were neither distasteful nor irksome. Robert was in all my thoughts. His Bible lay on my stand; his garments were in my wardrobe. Our watches were wound each day, and kept time together; and two glossy brown locks of his hair were often wet with tears. I sometimes felt as though his presence was with me, and the thought made me almost happy.

The weekly papers—we had but a weekly mail—spoke continually of strife and contention; but it seemed like a dream only, when no one expected the terrible reports. The distant booming of cannon one clear summer morning told me that the Army of the Union had again suffered defeat. But no wild exultations, no joy-bells, no thanksgiving in the churches assailed me in my secluded sanctuary; and my heart tolled its own knells in peace for Bull Run and Manassas.

The children's progress was wonderful, and their first letter to their father the event of the season, to them at least. For some time they were busy with the plan and its execution. They played less than usual during play-hours, came often to ask how to spell a word, and sometimes brought a slate for me to make a capital letter for them. Tilly was in their secret, and looked both wise and important whenever Mammy Rose inquired what made her young ladies so very quiet. I only half suspected the truth until they came to ask me to fold and direct the precious manuscript, which I did without curious inspection, knowing well it was going to no severe censor.

Mammy Rose was overjoyed.

"O, Miss, you should have read it," she said. "No infants ever wrote such a letter before. 'Pears like it will do Mars'r George's heart good. You should have seen how many times they thanked him for sending dear Miss Margy to us. Mammy Rose's hands are getting old and stiff; but no matter now."

Rose was an exception to the ordinary rule of servitude, in that she had early been taught reading, writing, and needle-work. Her story is too sad a one to be narrated here. Often in my desolate hours, when grieving over my lot, her meek, tender assurance that the good Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and would heal the hearts he has broken, made me ashamed of my weak faith in our common Father. What were my griefs to hers, who had seen every heart-chord snapped asunder by hands human, and not heavenly, and who yet, Christ-like, forgave and blessed her enemies! When her record is written, it will be with those of saints and angels!

"Letter for you, Miss," said Tom, coming to my open window one day on his return from the Post-office, "all done up black."

A letter with a black seal, and from Kittie.

"Poor Mrs. Harris!" was my mental exclamation while unfolding it. It was not the mother, as I supposed, but her only son, who had fallen on the battle-field—Kittie's idolized brother Gadsden, in college only the winter before, when mother and sister were so eloquent in his praise. Like many other gallant youth of Mississippi, he had responded to the call of his great statesman and fallen in his first engagement.

"Poor Gadsden!" Kittie wrote. "He was too beautiful to be trodden underfoot in battle, and it breaks my heart to think of it. He had never an enemy, and why should he have been called to fight? I am brotherless now, like you, dear Margy, and know how to pity you. I did not know before, though my heart ached sorely for you. Mother says it will kill her, and I am afraid it may, for Gadsden was her dearest idol."

Poor Kittie! My heart ached sorely for her now—the gay, happy girl, drinking her first life-draught of bitter sorrow.

Summer and autumn were away. The cotton was picked and the cane ground. All the machinery of the plantation appeared to work as smoothly as though the master had not been hundreds of miles away. The overseer was a faithful old darkey who had come from Carolina when "Ole masser" emigrated; and who, in consideration of faithful service, was left with "free papers" at his death. But a young wife and two children were the bonds that bound him fast to slavery.

"I can not leave Mary and the boys," he said, speaking to me one day of freedom. "Mars'r George gives me good wages to oversee, and I can make dem better off by staying wid them. He has promised never to part us. But oh, missis! I would like to have dem boys learn to read, and know why de good Lord gives dem heads as well as hands."

Never from one of the hundred servants did I hear a word of disloyalty to their master; their chief regret was in not being able to read and write. I sometimes fancied they already read the mystic handwriting on the wall of their bondage, and foresaw that the days of the kingdom of oppression were numbered, and felt weak to cope with the intellect of a dominant race. I never sought conversation with them on these points, and whenever they were approached turned away to questions of everyday life and duty.

Often on Sunday evenings they would gather around the cottage piazza to hear me read a chapter from the Bible—Colonel Hamilton, in one of his letters, having asked me to do this if not disagreeable to me, as it contented them at home on the Sabbath instead of strolling off to hear vagabond preachers. The first evening I read the Sermon on the Mount from beginning to end. Before its close some of the men had risen to their feet, and stood gazing with silent, rapt attention until I closed the book, when a simultaneous shout of "Glory!" like a camp-meeting cry, rent the air, and was echoed from the forest beyond the lake. A moment after a lame old woman, with wild, sparkling eyes, limped up to the piazza, drew something from under her silk apron folded carefully in two or three wrappings.

"Will good missis tell me ef dis yer is like her book?" she said, handing an old Bible to me.

"Just the same, Dinah. God's books are all alike."

"No dey isn't!" she replied, positively. "Dem dar Carlinar Bibles ony one story—'Servants be 'bedient to yer massers.' Miss Poultney's one ob dem. Dis yer come from Georgia, and my good ole missus dar use to read like you read to-night. She'm dead and gone to glory, hallelujah!"

Fifty voices caught the strain, and began to sing—

"Glory, hallelujah!
We're all marching homeward
To de happy land!"

Little Georgia and Jessie sat upon low stools at my feet, their sweet young faces radiant with joy. Turning every now and then to Mammy Rose, they said, "Isn't it a good meeting, Mammy? Wouldn't papa like to see them all so nice?"

These Sunday evening gatherings became a real pleasure to me, and formed a new link between me and the little sable community at Forest Lake. Afterward, when prostrate with sickness, I learned how grateful were the poor creatures for the few crumbs of Christ's comfort it was so pleasant to bestow.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER wrought but little change in the summer aspect of Forest Lake. It was difficult to write January in your remembrance when June roses were budding and blooming on every side. Occasional letters from Colonel Hamilton came to break the monotony, all of which expressed great satisfaction at my contentment. In one of these he remarked, playfully, "I can not help congratulating myself on holding one prisoner! Cruel war has its compensations." In another: "Mammy Rose and the children write me every thing. Don't affect to undervalue your good work. Not a runaway from the plantation since you opened Sunday-school. You shall have a chaplain's salary at the end of the year."

But as spring drew near I began to grow languid and spiritless. Unending summer wearied me, and I longed for something clear and crisp to give vigor to mind and body. Torturing headaches became of frequent occurrence, during which the sunshine was intolerable; and whenever I closed my eyes to the light two great yellow fire-balls glared at me unpityingly. Fever succeeded. Thoughts of death came to me in the silent night-time, not dark and terrible, but calm and pleasant, like the soft whispers of loved ones. They were all with me again. My lost ones and their home was not far away, as I had fancied. A physician from Gainesville remained constantly at the cottage, and Mammy Rose never left me day nor night. I knew every thing that was passing around me, although regarded as unconscious. A hundred times I recognized the tender inquiry, "How is de Missis?" and would have replied, but the faculty of speech had quite deserted me.

One evening there was an unusual stir at the cottage, where every thing had been silent so long. I tried to think what it meant, but was too weak to reason. Soon I heard a voice soft and low, but familiar, conversing with the doctor, who replied:

"She never speaks, Sir—never opens her eyes; is too weak for the crisis, which must be near."

"O, Mars'r George! don't give way so. 'Pears like she knows Mammy Rose yet. Every soul here is praying de good Lord to recover her."

Those were the last sounds that fell on my ears for days. All the busy thoughts which filled my brain, all the angel visitants which had been passing to and fro, fled. Life became an utter blank—void as the grave.

The first light on such darkness is indescribable—only a gleam—not comprehended, not palpable. Feebly as a new-born child seizes the first idea of existence does the mind awaken to its own identity. "Who am I? Where am I?" were the first distinct thoughts that arose out of this chaos—the first utterances that shaped themselves on my lips.

"Dear Margy. God be praised!" was the rejoinder. Had the pleasant illusions returned? I could not tell.

"Chances are in her favor now, Sir. Who would have thought it? Admirable constitution. Every thing must be kept just so quiet now. Your aunt can take your place, Sir, and let you sleep. You are a great nurse, Colonel."

My next recollection is of a sweet, benignant face smiling upon me like a mother's: of gentle hands smoothing my pillow; of tender tones falling on my ears like blessings. But the voice that answered my first faint inquiry was heard no more. I listened for it all that day and the next, and came to believe it had only been heard in a dream. Neither Mammy Rose nor my new nurse appeared to understand my allusion to it, or, if they understood, were indisposed to gratify my curiosity.

"Where are the children?" I asked, at length.

"Gone away for a day or two, honey. The doctor said you mustn't have the leastest bit of

noise nohow, and we couldn't keep 'em away from you any longer."

"Where have they gone, Mammy?"

"To Gainesville."

"Who went with them?"

"Tilly, and Tom too," she added. "But you are talking too much, honey; be quiet now, or Aunty Hamilton will find fault with Mammy."

Two days after, a tumultuous barking of the dogs announced an arrival. I listened for the sound of wheels or horses' hoofs in the carriage-way; there were neither. A soft, careful tread of feet, however, away on the back piazza, satisfied me I was not mistaken. No one else, perhaps, would have detected the footsteps; but so painfully acute had hearing become with sickness, I could think only of the "Warden of the Gods," whose ears were so fine he heard the flowers bloom and the grass grow in the heavenly meadows.

Mammy Rose came in soon, and Madam Hamilton, my new nurse, went out. Only they two, with the doctor, ever entered the apartment during my days of convalescence.

"My dear aunt, tell me exactly what you think of your charge now."

"Very weak and feeble, but gaining strength slowly."

"Can I see her?"

"Not to-night, certainly. Doctor Hempstead is as peremptory as ever about excitement."

"I have to go at daybreak. My dispatches came to-day. We are on the eve of more battles; if I survive, I will endeavor to return again. You will not leave, Madam, in any event."

"Trust me to do all a mother could. I like your arrangement of going over to the St. John's for a change as soon as she is able."

I buried my face, not only to shut out the sounds, but to conceal my tears. He was going away without speaking to me. Madam Hamilton was cruel.

"Tell me what it is, honey!" Mammy Rose said, detecting my emotion, and smoothing my hair caressingly. "So weak and tired, poor heart! Tell Mammy."

"Nothing! Nothing!"

"Yes, 'tis something, chile. Tell Mammy Rose."

"It's dreadful to feel alone in the world."

"Yes, that's it, honey! All alone! Mammy knows."

I wept a while, and fell asleep from mere exhaustion.

The next day Aunty Hamilton told me we were all going to the "Green Cone Springs" as soon as I was strong enough to make the journey by short stages. The air was much more bracing there, she said, than at the lake, and the bathing luxurious. The Springs had been a great resort for invalids before the war, and would be a charming place to summer.

I did not care for the Springs that day. I was disappointed and unhappy.

The devotion of the servants was truly affecting. One by one as I was able to see them they came to speak to me, bringing some little offering of fruit or flowers, and their broken words of congratulation went to my very heart. They vied with each other in efforts to tempt my appetite, bringing pet chickens and the rarest wild birds of the marshes. True it is that gratitude and unselfishness abide with the lowly. What are our best gifts on the altar of humanity to theirs! Think of an aged slave, toiling in the cotton or cane fields from Monday morning until Saturday night, sacrificing his one day of rest to a stranger—walking long, weary miles to pull cresses from a spring where he had pulled them in boyhood! Old Cato did it for me. Is it a wonder I wept when these affectionate creatures gathered around to say farewell the morning I left them, though expecting to return in a few months?

There was a carriage-load of us that morning as we drove through the great gate into the public highway—Madam Hamilton, the two little girls, Tilly, and myself in the interior; Tom on the outside, with boxes and carpet-bags filling every inch of space beneath the seats. Fortunately the horses were strong, or we might have foundered in the sand.

The journey occupied three days, riding a few hours only morning and evening, and halting at mid-day. Every day I gained strength with the exercise, until we reached the St. Johns, more beautiful even than I had pictured it. The children were astonished at sight of a noble steamer which passed up the river the evening of our arrival—the first they had ever seen. I was astonished also, not at the steamer, but at the flag she bore—the dear old Flag of the Union—the first which had greeted my sight since leaving Fort Taylor.

"Look! Madam," I exclaimed, pointing to the well-beloved ensign. "Is it possible?"

"Certainly, my dear, the Unionists control the river. Did you not know it? But how should you? the operations at Jacksonville have all taken place since your illness."

"Did Colonel Hamilton know it when he made arrangements for us here?"

"Not when he first proposed it. But as he believed the change of air and scene necessary for you, he would not allow the circumstance to reverse his decision."

"Generous, always!" I could not help exclaiming. "But, aunty, as much good as the sight of the old Flag does me, is it agreeable to you here?"

"I understand you," she replied. "I am a Philadelphian by birth and education, and have not lived South long enough to learn to love a fragment of my native land better than the whole. It is wisdom, however, to enjoy one's opinion in silence sometimes."

It was the first time any allusion to the existing troubles between the two sections had been made by either of us. She was the widow of Colonel Hamilton's uncle, and had had the care of his motherless childhood. I had heard him speak of her with the affection of a son.

"Does he know your sentiments?" I asked.

"My nephew, I suppose, you mean, dear?" she returned, smiling. "He has always known them, and loves me none the less for them. He is one of the few noble minds who has grasped a prejudice of education and fancies it a principle. He is neither demagogue nor politician, and has none of the selfish ambition of the great secession leaders."

"And is so much the more useful to them!" I interrupted. "What do they care how many noble lives are sacrificed to their Moloch? I can not bear that *his* should be one of them."

"He would appreciate your interest, Margy. Nay, don't blush, my child! he has told me every thing. You could have no truer friend. You will never know what he suffered when he believed your sickness would prove fatal."

"Is it not singular we have never heard from him since he went away?"

She looked at me inquiringly.

"Ah! the children told you he had been home, did they? Mammy and I tried to keep it a secret."

"No one told me, Madam! I heard his voice, and was grieved that he did not come and speak to me."

"He was grieved that we would not allow him, and left you the tenderest messages. I am glad to discover that he is more to you, Margy, than he believes. Pray, my dear, that nothing may have befallen him. There has been dreadful fighting recently."

The next day a gun-boat passed up the river—one of those terrible monsters which had wrought such rebel consternation at Roanoke and Port Royal. We sat at the window of the hotel and watched a yawl with a white flag pull out into the current to meet the ship's boat and exchange papers. At dinner the landlord told us another great battle had been fought in Virginia, and promised to send us both the Northern and Southern reports of it. He believed the Yankees had gained another victory.

Joy for my country's success was not cloudless.

The papers contained the particulars of the battle of Williamsburg. The Northern journals claimed a great victory—the complete rout of the rebel army, and a thousand prisoners. The dead and wounded of the enemy were left on the field uncared for. Among the dead was found the body of one rebel Colonel; one General, and half a dozen Colonels and Captains among the wounded.

The Southern papers were as despondent as the Northern ones were jubilant. Calamity was succeeding calamity. Scarcely was the fall of New Orleans heralded before a train of reverses from the Army in Virginia caused weak hearts to faint, while it only roused the brave to firmer resolve. It was a comfort to know that their troops had failed, not from any lack of skill or courage, but from mere weakness and exhaustion, having been cut off from their supplies, and going into battle faint and hungry. Some of their best officers were among the dead and wounded. It was impossible to give the list, as the battle-field was in possession of the enemy.

Madam Hamilton read, and I listened calmly.

"We shall get additional details soon," she remarked. "I have no doubt George was in the engagement."

How very impatiently we waited for further particulars! At last Madam sent Tom to Jacksonville. I suspected she had heard rumors she was unwilling to repeat.

On his return he stood convicted of evil tidings at first glance. Neither of us had courage to ask a question as he appeared before us fumbling in his pockets for a letter, which was at length produced.

"Dis yer is for you, Missis, from Massa Gin'ral Hopkins. He says Massa Cunnal Ward done gone dead sure, and Mars'r George nowhar to be found. 'Spec Linkum's cotched him."

Pale as ashes, Aunty Hamilton took the letter and read, while I gazed upon her like a petrifaction. After she had finished it, she said:

"I wrote a line to the commanding officer at Jacksonville, asking him for such information as he might possess relative to the recent battle. He writes that Colonel Ward is killed beyond peradventure. Colonel Hamilton was wounded in the right arm in the early part of the engagement, and is at present among the missing, probably a prisoner."

The cries of the children when they comprehended the nature of the intelligence were heart-rending. For a time no one was sufficiently composed to attempt consolation. Madam Hamilton bowed her head over the letter and wept silently. Tom and Tilly caught the children's grief, and sobbed aloud with them.

Hope was ever the ruling element of my nature, and it came to my aid then. Struggling violently to keep down the heart-pain and be calm, I said:

"This is not as bad as it might have been, after all! Don't you see, darlings, your papa is not killed like some poor children's. He has only got his right arm hurt so he could not write, maybe. Or, if he is a prisoner, he will be exchanged, you know, some day, and sent home. Don't cry any more! When we get the next papers we shall know all about it."

I had confidence in what I said, and succeeded in inspiring not only the children, but Tom and Tilly with the same belief. Aunty Hamilton smiled sadly while encouraging us to look on the bright side. I was certain she did not see it herself.

It was weary waiting for official reports, and when we obtained them nothing new was elicited. Wounded and missing, with a mention of the extreme gallantry with which he led his men into action, was all the record of Colonel Hamilton.

"What do you think now, my dear?" Madam inquired, when we had searched the papers in vain for tidings more explicit.

"That he is one of those half dozen wounded and captured colonels and captains of whom the Northern papers speak. I'm sure he's not killed, or it would be known."

"God grant it! I wish, if living, he were assured of our welfare. I know how much he will suffer on our account."

"I will go and relieve him, aunty."

She looked at me as though I had not quite recovered my senses, then smiled faintly as she replied:

"I think he will be most anxious about you, Margy."

All that night I lay sleepless, my head bursting with projects. The next morning, on my way to the Springs, I met Tom, looking a shade darker than usual.

"Look here, Tom; I want to ask you a question or two. Can you keep a secret?"

"Try me, Miss."

"Is it true what Mr. Bates said yesterday, that the darkeys along the river are running away to the gun-boats?"

"Lots on 'em, Miss."

"How do they know when to look for them?"

"One a week goes for to carry coal and 'visions to de blockading vessel up Black Crick."

"When may the next one be expected?"

"Dis yer night or to-morrow."

"Tom, do you know any one who would dare carry a note to the commander?"

"Know two darkeys who is gwine nex' time. Missis, can you keep de secret?"

"You can try me, Tom," I said, imitating his own reply.

"Well, den, de berry ole debil's to pay up yer. Massa Cunnel Sumbody down to Jacksinville gone brung two big cannon and hid 'em in de brush to shoot de gun-boat wid nex' time. I tole ole Hooson's boys de fact, and dey's gwine to 'form de gun-boat of de trap set fur him."

"Why didn't you do it yourself, Tom?"

"Dat's it now! You see, Missis, ef I'd ben home 'twould be different. Some things isn't counted honable. Mars'r George 'posed conferdance in me when he sent me way ober yer to take care fur de ladies. I said to Sam Hooson, 'De fact is, Sam, sumbody must tell de gun-boat. I shall be missed ef I go, and 'spected when I come back, 'cause I can't stay in honor. My time isn't 'zactly come.'"

"Were you not afraid to trust him?"

"We boys never feared to trus' one anoder. We's all in de berry same boat. I jes' know'd Sam was waitin' to git off. His masser's grillar, and grillars isn't counted honable by darkeys, no how."

"I will give you a note for him to-day. Go now and tell Tilly to bring the young ladies for their bath."

"I think you are a little down-hearted to-day, Margy," Aunty Hamilton said as we sat silently together.

"I have something to tell you, and don't exactly know how to begin. You see I am nearly well now."

"Very much better, my dear, but not well yet. You mustn't speak about the lessons, for George has prohibited them altogether."

"I wasn't thinking of the lessons, aunty; I was wondering if you had any gold."

"A little, my child."

"Well, I have a little too; don't you think together we have enough for a passage money to the North? I think a sea-voyage would complete my cure."

The old lady bestowed upon me another of those questioning glances, and, apparently satisfied, replied,

"I don't wonder you should wish to get home, Margy; and if you had a permit, I would do any thing in my power to assist you."

"I don't wish a permit, Aunty. I don't recognize any power in the so-called Confederacy to detain me a moment after I get ready to go. I am going to the gun-boats; but you must not know *when* nor *how*, for fear the rebels should have you over the coals for it. There is another thing I have been thinking about. If Colonel Hamilton is wounded, don't you think he would like Tom to wait upon him? I'll give bonds for him if he runs away."

Surprise was written on every feature of Madam Hamilton's benign face.

"Are you certain you have strength and courage for such an enterprise, my dear child? You look like a shadow."

"Courage mounts with occasion, you know. I've never possessed any, I think, because my path has always been smoothed and guarded. Now I must take life as it comes, rough or smooth, and I may as well gird myself now as ever."

Here I broke down, laid my head in her lap, and wept.

"Nay, don't say a word to discourage me, aunty; I know what kind friends I have found in you all, and how willingly you would continue to smooth my path, as you say; but I have something to do myself now. My father had influential friends. Through their influence I may be able to see Robert's friend and benefactor set at liberty, and restored to his family. Is it an unwomanly thought?"

She kissed my cheek, and said, fervently,

"May God prosper you, my child!"

The war-steamer passed up the river that night, as Tom had predicted, and would be back within two days. The note was sent, and, at Tom's suggestion, a place appointed for signaling the steamer on her return. The fellow was quite overjoyed at the thought of going with me in search of his master, especially when I told him it was "honorably arranged."

"I will leave my trunks in your care, dear aunty, until I come back for Robert. The carpet-bag and portmanteau will contain every thing I shall need, and Tom can handle them conveniently. Don't fret about me; I will write from Port Royal, and bribe somebody to send you the letter."

All that night Tom watched at the place designated, lest by some mistake the vessel should pass unsignaled. Just after daybreak I heard him tapping at my door.

"Hear 'em gittin' up steam, Miss, round de bend. Be yer in an hour. Don't hurry, Miss; de truck's all dar, and Dick Porter got de white cloff all ready to swing. I'll put de saddle on Empress; Dick gwine to fetch um back."

I went to give the children a parting kiss. Tilly was sleeping soundly on her blanket beside their bed. Without awakening her, I stole back as softly as possible, for fear of disturbing Madam Hamilton, who, I was positive, had slept as little as myself. She heard me, and whispered,

"Come to me, my child! I am afraid I have done wrong, Margy, to countenance you in so bold an undertaking. If any thing should happen, George would never forgive me, any more than I should forgive myself. Do be cautious, my dear. One more kiss."

Empress stood pawing the ground a short distance from the hotel. Two or three of the house servants were astir, and stood watching me as I mounted, evidently surprised at my early ride. We took an opposite direction from the point, but soon turned our course, paths running every way through the pine groves.

The vessel was in sight, rapidly approaching the shore. I did not dismount until the barge was launched and on its way; then, ready to faint with agitation, gave the bridle to Dick, my hand to Tom, and a moment after was seated in the little boat along-side the war-steamer.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

We had marched hard all that weary day,
  And camped at night by a little stream,
Where all night long on our arms we lay,
  To watch and rest, or to sleep and dream—
To dream of the loved ones far away,
  Or hear in the wind the shell's wild scream.

As I lay on the ground beneath a tree
  That night—my limbs were weary and cold—
I dreamed. In my dream all seemed to be
  At peace, and myself grown lame and old;
While a bright-eyed boy sat on my knee,
  Begging of the war-times to be told.

His bright eyes filled with childish tears,
  And his pouting lips parted in pain,
At the tale of woe in those by-gone years,
  And the battle-fields strewn with the slain,
But laughed with joy when told of the cheers
  That greeted triumphant peace again.

More there was of my vision—much more;
  Much more, indeed, of what "might have been:"
For peaceful memory was free to soar
  In realms far away from war and sin;
But a voice now, only half heard before,
  Was repeating—"Third relief—fall in!"

THE CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH.

AFTER having completed his grand march through Georgia, from Atlanta to Savannah, General SHERMAN's first object was to communicate with the fleet off Savannah. This he accomplished by the capture of Fort M'Allister, the only serious obstruction to the navigation of the Ogechee River. The fort was sixteen miles from the mouth of the Savannah. This was the first fort ever bombarded by our Monitors. It was now, however, taken by direct assault. The party to whom the work was assigned was General HAZEN's Division. The garrison of the fort was insignificant in point of number, there being only men enough to man the guns, of which there were twenty-one. The assault was most spirited. The men marched at double-quick, penetrated the abatis, and, crossing the ditch, scaled the parapets of the fort, and in three minutes the garrison were prisoners. The capture of the fort gave us a large quantity of ordnance stores, guns, ammunition, etc. The guns were taken to the head-quarters of the ordnance-officer, Lieutenant SPENCER, near the fort.

Pretty closely investing the city, except at a point on the north side directly across the river, SHERMAN at length determined to make an assault. Previous to this attempt, however, he sent a message to General HARDEE demanding the surrender of the city. The latter assumed a rather defiant attitude and refused. But during the night he slipped across the Savannah on a pontoon with his fifteen thousand men. The movement was soon observed by General GEARY, who immediately pushed his division (the Second of the Twentieth Corps) on into the city. Before his arrival he was met by the Mayor and Commonalty of Savannah, who surrendered the city unconditionally. The forts were then taken possession of with all their ordnance. The captures included 150 guns, 13 locomotives, and 35,000 bales of cotton. The rebels had destroyed their shipping. A floating battery was sunk. The *Savannah*, a formidable war vessel, was blown up. When the troops entered the city there was no disorder except that occasioned by ill-disposed people in the city, who plundered every thing within reach. Even the rebel soldiers had been participating in acts of violence. Order was soon restored, and the next Sabbath the churches were attended as usual. General GEARY has been appointed commander of the city, which is divided into two Departments, the Eastern and Western, commanded respectively by Colonel WOOD and Colonel BARNUM. GEARY took all the Commissary stores which he found in the city and placed them at the disposal of the Mayor and Common Council. It is estimated that 25,000 inhabitants remained in the city. The illustration on the first page shows our troops entering

GENERAL S. G. BURBRIDGE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEBSTER, LOUISVILLE, KY.—[SEE PAGE 21.]

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Savannah at sunrise. Colonel BARNUM's brigade was the first in town. General SHERMAN's loss, after he invested Savannah, was from six to eight hundred men.

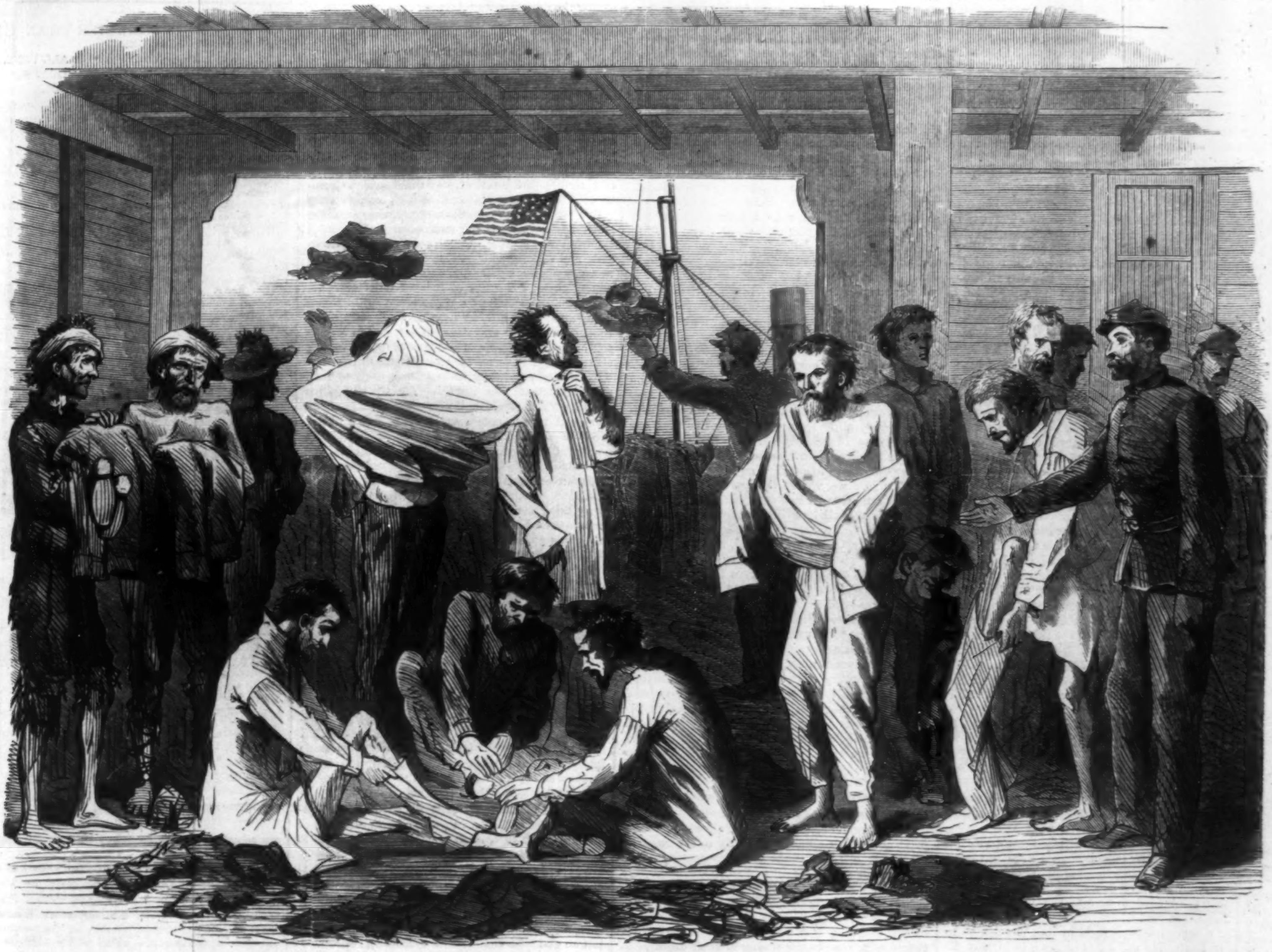
We give on page 24 an illustration of General KILPATRICK's last charge at Waynesborough. There were two fights on the march from Atlanta to Savannah. One was the engagement which WOLCOTT had with the enemy at Griswoldville, November 22, in which the enemy was severely repulsed. The other was General KILPATRICK's affair with WHEELER's cavalry, December 4. KILPATRICK drove WHEELER's corps to a strong rail barricade near Waynesborough, and soon, by a most gallant charge, himself at the head of his command, compelled a retreat, which was continued eight miles beyond Waynesborough. In this battle the sabre was used with brilliant effect.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON.

WILLIAM LEWIS DAYTON was born at Baskinridge, New Jersey, February 17, 1807. He was a farmer's son; but at an early period of life acquired an excellent education, graduating at the age of eighteen at the College of New Jersey. He immediately entered upon the profession of law. He became quite intimately connected with political affairs, being associated with the Whig party in his State, and especially with the Free Soil wing of that party. In 1837 he was elected a member of the New Jersey Senate, and was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. The following year he was chosen by the Legislature one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, which position he held for three years. Mr. DAYTON in 1842 was appointed United States Senator, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD, and in 1845 was elected for the full term of six years. His position during this Senatorial career of nine years was always positive and decided. He was opposed to slavery on the ground of humanity, and always advocated its abolition in the District of Columbia, and its prohibition in the Territories. He voted for the admission of California as a free State, and in 1850, when schemes of compromise every where prevailed, he voted against the Fugitive Slave Law.

With these associations in his favor he was in 1856 nominated by the Republican party for Vice-President. When Mr. LINCOLN was elected President in 1860, MR. DAYTON was appointed Minister to France. It is scarcely possible for the people to adequately appreciate the value of his services in this most important mission. A man of weight and principle, and therefore always firm, he gained both respect and confidence at the French Court. Notwithstanding the delicate difficulties of his situation at critical periods during the present war, his courtesy and uniform firmness has always carried him safely through. His personal appearance was very fine, and in his manners he was affable and unpre-

OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON, S. C., DANCING ON BOARD THE "STAR OF THE SOUTH."—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]



OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON, S. C., EXCHANGING THEIR RAGS FOR NEW CLOTHING.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

tending. His death occasioned the most sincere regret. It occurred in Paris, under peculiarly melancholy circumstances, December 1, 1864. He died suddenly from a fit of apoplexy while at the Hotel du Louvre. The country will have occasion for self-congratulation if our next Minister to France shall be found a statesman as honorable and as judicious as was Mr. DAYTON.

OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON.

IN previous numbers we have illustrated the reception of our released prisoners off Savannah. The exchange was scarcely half completed at that point when the affair was interrupted, and afterward resumed at Charleston. We give three sketches in this number relating to the exchange at this latter point. It is supposed that Colonel MULFORD is engaged in another effort to renew the exchange. According to rebel authorities there have been confined in Libey Prison at Richmond during the past year 31,000 Federal prisoners. They claim during the war to have had in "Libey" 125,000 men. In our last number we gave illustrations of the prison-pen at Millen, where a large number of our prisoners have recently been confined. Late advices from Savannah seem to indicate that SHERMAN'S cavalry has undertaken an expedition to release our prisoners in the South. This rests on the authority of a dispatch from HARDEE, saying that SHERMAN was dispatching a cavalry expedition into Southwestern Georgia.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION DISTRIBUTING TOBACCO TO OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

OUT OF BONDAGE.

OTHERS have told their stories of capture and escape—of adventures by sea and land; will you not listen to mine?

I was captured at Drury's Bluff on the 16th of May last—the day on which, advancing under cover of a heavy fog, the rebels surprised and drove in General Butler's lines, drawn menacingly around Fort Darling. General Heckman, of New Jersey, formerly my commander, was captured on the same day, and we were sent into Richmond together. It had long been my ambition to follow my intrepid leader into the rebel capital, but I had hoped to enter it as a victor, not as a captive; and as we marched along the filthy streets I found little pleasure in contemplating the situation. Meditation, however, was not long protracted. Very soon we were halted in front of a large three-story brick building, and, looking up, we saw this sign, which to so many brave souls will be forever the symbol of unutterable outrage and wrong-doing:

LIBEY AND SON,
SHIP CHANDLERS AND GROCERS.

We knew at a glance what *that* meant, and what fate was to be ours. Entering one of the main rooms we registered our names, which, being accomplished, the keeper, "Dick" Turner—a name beside which even Haynau's is respectable—intimated that our greenbacks, haversacks, and woolen blankets must be handed over for the use of the Confederacy, and proceeded accordingly to dispossess us of these articles, remarking, however, that the money would be returned to us upon leaving the prison, which of course we did not believe for a moment. Turner's next operation was to strip us and examine our clothes, after which we were shown to our quarters on the second-floor of the building. There we remained for two weeks, receiving barely sufficient food to sustain life. One pint of rice was issued daily to seven of us—all of lusty, vigorous habit; in addition to this we had each one spoonful of beans full of worms. For the first ten days we received no meat whatever; then ten pounds of rotten bacon were issued for sixty-two men.

On the last day of May, however, we were delivered from the terrors of the Libey; and with over eleven hundred enlisted men were sent to Macon, Georgia, where we arrived on the 5th of June. Here, where we found a thousand brother-officers in confinement, we fared much better so far as rations were concerned, but were compelled for several weeks to lie on the ground in the open air, suffering terribly from the scorching sun by day, and the heavy dews at night. But we were not idle during our confinement. Loving and panting for liberty we completed, during the months of June and July, five tunnels with a view to escape—one being eighty feet in length. Unfortunately, however, on the very day preceding the night on which we intended to escape, these tunnels were all discovered and destroyed, and we were placed under a surveillance so rigid in its character as to render impossible any future attempts in that direction. The rebels were helped to their discovery by one Silvetes, a lieutenant in an Illinois cavalry regiment, who, as the reward of his treachery, was ever after treated with great consideration by the rebel officers.

When Sherman, in midsummer, began to penetrate the bowels of Georgia, the rebel authorities, fearing his cavalry might visit Macon and release us, on the 29th of July sent some 600 officers to Savannah, where we remained over a month, being treated with great kindness. Thence, on the 13th of September, we were taken to Charleston, and confined in the jail-yard—as filthy a den as you can find any where out of Richmond. Our life in this place was not by any means without incident and excitement. Almost daily we had "some new thing" to divert our attention. Only the day after our arrival, the shells from our batteries on Morris Island fired a dozen buildings near the jail, which were entirely destroyed, notwithstanding the efforts of the negroes, who now work the "machines" in that city, to stay the progress of the conflagration. Frequently we were in danger from the fragments of exploding shells, but Providence was on our side, and none of us were ever struck. It was a grand thought to us, prisoners in the hands of a cruel enemy, that our brothers lying out on the harbor-islands were slowly but surely avenging our wrongs, battering down about their ears the homes of the pestilent authors of this wicked rebellion. One day a shell came into the city labeled thus: "Show me the way to the Arsenal," but I did not hear that any of the citizens put themselves out of the way to assist the visitor toward the destination which General Foster's facetious artillerist desired it to reach. We had also a subject for discussion in the ravages of the yellow-fever, which just then were filling the whole city with consternation. Daily, gathering in groups, we discussed the probabilities of the plague reaching our quarters, and when our guards were seized, and one by one disappeared, you may imagine how our solicitude was quickened, and how to each of us the Peril became a personal thing, walking beside us every where, flinging a baleful shadow over our very sleep. But, strange to say, although every rebel officer who was placed over us died from this disease, not a single prisoner was touched! Was it retribution or was it chance that such a strange thing should happen?

On the 6th of October our prison-life at Charleston came to an end, and we were started on a special train for Columbia, one hundred and thirty miles distant, where a prisoners' camp had been established. But I had, for my part, no desire to remain any longer in bonds; I yearned for the free air again, and resolved, then if ever, to make one more dash for freedom. So, as soon as our train had passed the Congaree River, some fifty miles from Columbia, I removed the caps from the guns of the guards—it was dusk at the time—and with Captain A. Grant, Nineteenth Wisconsin Regiment; Captain H. H. Todd, Eighth New Jersey; and Lieutenant J. E. Lewis, Eleventh Connecticut, leaped from the train, running rapidly into the woods which skirted the road. How our hearts beat and throbbed as we found ourselves free! But pursuit was certain, and that thought intensified our excitement. By this time the night had grown quite dark, and a heavy rain had begun to fall, pouring with noisy beat among the dripping trees. The train, fortunately, did not stop; but in about two hours we heard, from our shelter in the woods, the deep baying of blood-hounds, warning us that in some way information of our escape had been communicated to the people of the vicinity. We at once plunged into a swamp in order to baffle the hounds, and floundered about therein until daylight, when we halted to rest. Being unable to find a suitable place to lie down, we leaned against the bushes, maintaining that attitude all day long. It was a novel way of resting, but we could do no better, and were thankful for even that morsel of comfort. Night came at last; and, arming ourselves with hickory clubs, we made our way with difficulty out of the swamp, and pushed forward in our flight.

By daylight the following morning we had accomplished a distance of twenty miles, not, however, without experiencing a new alarm from the hounds, who again got on our track. But by wading a number of small streams we managed to elude our pursuers, and at dawn sought cover in a heavy cypress swamp. This method of travel was continued every night for a week. By this time our rations were exhausted, and the question of subsistence began to grow unpleasantly urgent. With all our efforts we found that nothing could be obtained unless we visited the houses of the white planters, and this we had determined never to do; we knew too well how little sympathy was to be expected in that quarter. At length, in our wanderings, we came to a corn-field, and, spurred by appetite, we plucked some corn, which we parched and ate with the greatest relish, notwithstanding it had an insipid taste and almost broke our teeth in the process of mastication. For the next six days our diet consisted solely of hard, dry corn; after that we were reduced to fare even less substantial, being able to obtain nothing but berries, grapes, persimmons, etc., which we found in the woods and swamps. In camp we had many a time anathematized Government "tack," and declaimed against contractors' beef, but how, crouching in those dismal swamps through the long days, we would have relished the substantial fare which, in hours of plenty, we had so execrated! But, with all our troubles, we continued to press on through the solemn days, hiding by day, determined to get into "God's country" again, though we had to go through fire to reach it.

Finally, moving steadily forward, we reached a point about two hundred and fifty miles from the coast, and one day made our presence known to some negroes at work in a field. We knew *they* would not betray us, whatever others with a whiter skin might do upon opportunity. We had no difficulty in persuading them that we were Federal officers escaping from rebel bondage, and they received us at once to the shelter of their cabins, displaying the greatest delight at our presence. There was something almost royal in their cheerfully-rendered service; they seemed to look upon us as in some way sufferers for their sake, and they fairly loaded us with kindnesses. "Massa's bery welcome;" this was the greeting, the spice that enriched all their homely talk. They procured us bread, corn-meal, salt, and other articles; gave us explicit information as to the best route to the mountains; and when at last we departed rained down blessings and "God-speeds" on our heads. One thing particularly struck us in our intercourse with these dusky sons of toil; they understand perfectly, notwithstanding their remoteness from the grand theatres of military operation, the causes and tendencies of the war, and were eager to escape with us to the Canaan which they know will soon be open to them. They have an almost childish faith in "Massa Linkum;" and I think he is richer in *their* prayers than he would be if all the world's kingly and princely ones petitioned Heaven daily, on bended knees, in his behalf.

We pushed on. One evening, when near Dallas, North Carolina, we accidentally met a white man. Probably you can picture to yourself how we felt and looked when, suddenly, we came upon him. Was he friend or foe? Necessarily we resorted to conversational strategy, putting and answering questions with the utmost wariness. We were not long in discovering the status of the stranger, and probably he had never been embraced before with the vehement warmth we displayed when we learned that he was a loyalist. He forthwith piloted us two miles through the woods to his house—a rude, humble cabin—and telling his wife our story soon had prepared for us a smoking supper, installing us in the place of honor, while smiles and kindly words seasoned the rich repast. That night, sitting before the cheerful blaze of his great hearth, he told us the story of North Carolina mountain loyalty, proving to us that freedom still has brave defenders among the hardy forest-men of the old North State. He said he belonged to a society called the "True Heroes of America"—a sort of Union League—whose main object was to keep Unionists out of the rebel army. Thousands of good and true men, he said, were members of this order, and they had in more ways than one greatly injured the Confederacy. "And we mean ter stan' ter the work," he added, "till this cussed rebellion is wiped out clean as my wife's platter. The old Government was good enough for us, and them Richmon' fellers must gin in ter it or hang."

That night we slept in the best room—there were but two—and slept soundly and sweetly, for the words of our host had fallen upon us like soothing balm, and it seemed as if we were already on the threshold of home.

On the morrow our friends filled our haversacks with delicious wheat biscuits and other "goodies," and directing us to other Unionists, sent us away with good wishes, standing in the door of their humble home to look after us until we were lost in the shadows of the woods. May God ever guard and keep them in that home, sheltered by the pines, among the dreary mountains!

From that time forward we experienced little trouble in finding Union men. They were every where. Soon after crossing the Catawba River we met many deserters from the rebel armies—men who, impressed or driven into the service, had escaped, and now defied the whole power of the rebellion. These men welcomed us with open arms; there was a sort of kinship between us which made us at once friends and brothers. In Caldwell County alone I became associated with hundreds of this class of persons, and had from scores of lips the story of their life—a life full of perils and sublime heroism. These men are associated with another class called "lyers-out," who have been living in caves and other retreats on the mountains, and resisting the rebel conscription through two years of vicissitude and suffering. In all my wanderings I have never seen a more determined set of men. Mingling among them, I thought of the brave defenders of the Tyrol—of the hardy Waldenses, fighting and dying among the hills for dear liberty's sake. Although but poorly armed—with only old horse-pistols and squirrel-guns as weapons of defense—they still manage to keep at bay all the forces sent against them, and they will continue to do so until some Federal column, marching into the mountains from East Tennessee, shall finally deliver them from the peril which now constantly menaces them. Many of these "lyers-out" were before the war in comfortable circumstances, owning pleasant and profitable farms; but now most of them are, with their families, reduced to want, some being utterly penniless. Some of them, compelled to abandon every thing because of their devotion to the Government and Union, have not for three years crossed their own door-sills, although daily they have seen their homes from their hiding-places in the forests. While they have been thus exiled in enforced idleness, their brave, true-hearted wives have performed every drudgery, working their little farms, and at night, at the hazard of their lives, carrying food to the refugees on the mountains.

We lived with these patriots in their caves for several days, listening to their tales of suffering and the horrible narratives of guerrilla outrages practiced upon defenseless women and children. These human blood-hounds, in hunting Union men, will often hang children in the hope of extorting a confession as to the whereabouts of their parents. I have known young women to be treated in the same inhuman manner, while wives are often subjected to every cruelty, for no other offense than fidelity to their husbands, by these red-handed monsters.

We had but little difficulty in persuading a hundred and more of these loyal North Carolinians to accompany us to Knoxville, where we promised to use our influence in procuring them arms, clothing, etc. Without any hesitation they bade their wives and children farewell, and followed us northward. Their wives would pray for them, they said; and, if they could only procure arms and ammunition, then they would be able to protect their homes, and put an end forever to rebel atrocities on the mountains. How their weather-beaten faces glowed under the inspiration of that thought! How the little hands of thin-faced children clung around the necks of these brave mountaineers in the solemn parting! and how anxious were their braver wives that we might be successful in organizing and arming the battalion! For *their* sakes we rejoice that we *were* successful. Reaching Crab Orchard, East Tennessee, we met Major E. A. Davis and Lieutenant James Hartley, belonging to Kirk's Third North Carolina Mounted Infantry. To them we explained our wishes, and at once our daring followers were sworn into the Federal service, Major Davis telling them that as soon as he could march to Knoxville, and obtain arms and necessary equipments, he would return at their head, and "wipe out" every rebel from "old Caldwell." There, with mutual good wishes, we parted from the noble fellows who had accompanied us upon our way—we feeling that their day of vengeance was near at hand—they happy in the thought that they were under the old flag again, and could henceforth fight in the light of its stars for Unity and Freedom.

From Crab Orchard we moved toward Bull Gap, expecting to find our forces in possession of that important pass. But upon reaching the top of a mountain overlooking the valley, we were surprised to hear the sound of cannon and musketry. Presently a number of women, who had been down to reconnoitre, returned with the information that Breckinridge was in front of Bull Gap with four thousand men, and that it would be impossible to get into our lines at that point. Accordingly we determined to move westwardly to Knoxville, ninety miles distant. On the evening of November 16 we reached that place, having in just six weeks accomplished a distance of 650 miles. For more than half that distance Lieut. Lewis and myself marched in nearly a barefooted condition—a portion of the way entirely so—through four inches of snow.

So our pilgrimage ended.

Shall I tell you with what exultant satisfaction we rehearsed to the listening company who welcomed us at Knoxville the story of our sufferings and escape—how they cheered us by kindly offices—how thoughts of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving, with the dear ones at home, that night made our dreams luminous as with the smiles of angels? No; you can imagine it all, and if you have ever been in such peril as we had escaped, you will understand what I mean when I say that life seemed to us, in those first hours of deliverance, like a resurrection, in which we stood with crowns upon our heads, and shining pathways, leading heavenward, stretching away in reaches of splendor before our weary feet.

Rested at length from our fatigue, under orders from General Carter, Provost Marshal at Knoxville, to report to the Adjutant-General at Washington, we parted from the friends whose tender nursing we shall never forget, and a week afterward—two days after Thanksgiving—felt the kisses of loved ones on our lips—loved ones who had expected never to see us again this side of that river which all of us must ford at the roll-call from above.

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THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES WITH PENCILS.

For $1 00, the Magic Pen; for $1 25, the Lucky Pen; for $1 50, the Always-Ready Pen; for $2 00, the Elegant Pen; and for $2 25, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

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The name, "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

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Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

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For $3 50 a No. 6 Pen; $4 50 a No. 7 Pen; $5 75 a No. 8 Pen; $6 50 a No. 9 Pen; $7 50 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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For $2 50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
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PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENT'S PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000,

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Patent
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Citizens furnished on private account.
For instructions, address DR. BLY, at nearest Depot.

The Brazilian Hair Curler.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address
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100 Photographs of handsome Ladies for **50** cents;
100 Photographs of Generals for **50** cents. Too cheap.
Send all orders to C. BRIGGS,
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One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

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All claims against the Government promptly collected. Pensions, bounties, back pay, and prize-money. Wife and widowed mother of prisoners of war can be paid.
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WORTH OVER
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WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.
Not to be paid for until you Know What you are to Receive.

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ALL TO BE SOLD FOR $1 00 EACH.

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500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35 " 70
200 Diamond Rings	50 " 100
2,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	15 " 30
3,000 " " " "	4 " 6
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000 Chased Gold Bracelets	5 " 10
2,000 Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
2,000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 " 6
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000 California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 " 8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4 " 7
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3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2 " 8
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10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
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7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 " 15
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10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 " 10
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5,000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
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No. 167 Broadway, New York.

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